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No. 465

WOULD YE ENTER?

BY EREN E. REKFOR.

Oh haste! The night is nearing,
The day grows late, so late!
The lamps of Heaven are lighted
The while you stand and wait.
Perchance, the while you linger,
The bridegroom enters in,
And knocking at the portals
You can no entrance win.

If, wakened from your dreaming,
By bridegroom drawing nigh,
To find your lamp unlighted
The while he passeth by,
Oh, woe will be your sorrow,
When knocking at the gate,
You find it barred and bolted,
And you are come too late!

Rouse up, oh foolish laggards,
Your lamps I pray you trim,
That when the bridegroom cometh
You all can welcome him.
And when, with marriage music,
You pass the open gate,
Your heart will thrill with rapture
That you are not too late.

Dick Dimity:

OR,

The Pet of the Family.

A Strange Story of a Haunted Boy
and a Phantom Father.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF "JACK HARKAWAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN OF THE TRUANT.

It was the afternoon of the fifth day after the running away of Dick Dimity.

The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky and the boys were running about, merrily at play.

Inside the house, with its palatial surroundings, in which lived Mr. Dimity, there was deep and heartfelt sorrow.

It was a house of mourning.

That day, Mrs. Dimity had been laid in her last home in the cold, cheerless cemetery, and as her husband sat alone in his library, the memory of years rushed over him like a flood, and he wept.

He was interrupted by the entrance of his little daughter, Fanny, who rushed boisterously into the apartment.

"Papa! papa!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Hush, my child!" replied Mr. Dimity, reprovingly.

"Have you so soon forgotten that we have had death in the house?"

"Oh, no, papa; I can never, never forget my dear, poor mamma!" she answered, wiping her eyes.

"But, Dick has no mother!"

Mr. Dimity sprang to his feet, and his red, swollen eyes flashed wildly.

"Dick—come—back!" he repeated, slowly.

"Yes, indeed! I have seen him."

"Wretched boy! It is fitting that he should have chosen this day for his reappearance. Where is he?"

"In the hall, with a strange gentleman."

"Tell him to come in here," said Mr. Dimity, adding, in a low voice, "thank Heaven for giving me back my boy, though he was the cause of my losing my wife—his mother!"

A few minutes elapsed, when Fanny reappeared, leading a boy by the hand, followed by a middle-aged man, dressed in a suit of black.

"I've come back, father!" said the boy, "and I want to ask your forgiveness."

"Have you heard of your mother's sad death?" inquired Mr. Dimity.

"We buried her to-day."

"Yes," replied Island Jim, for it was he, in his new character, "and I'm very sorry for it; but you can't blame me and it's no use beginning that sort of thing. If you do, I'll run away again, and stay away."

"What am I to understand by that?" inquired Mr. Dimity.

"Make what you like out of it," replied Jim. The boy was playing a part in which he had been carefully tutored by Ben Belshazzar.

The latter stepped up to Mr. Dimity, and folding his hands demurely in front of him, said, with a pious snuffle, "My worthy friend, allow me to speak in this misguided boy's behalf."

"Who are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Dimity.

"One of the elect, I sincerely hope. It is my humble province to be a deacon of the church in the township, wherein I dwell, but, verily, this is a sinful world."

"How did you meet with my boy?" continued Mr. Dimity, who was completely deceived by the likeness between Dick and Jim.

"He had penetrated into Pennsylvania, sir, and being an-hungry and athirst, he came to my door and did beg a meal of broken victuals."

"Beg? my boy beg?"

"Of a verity, he had to beg or steal, and so chose the former alternative. Feeling interested in a lad of his comely presence, I took him in and did give him wherewith to satisfy his hunger; then he confessed to me his story and I prevailed upon him to come back to the fold, like the lost sheep, spoken of out of the hymn of the Ninety and Nine."

Jim made a gesture of impatience.

"The old chap means to say," he exclaimed, "that I was dead broke and he paid my way home. That is all there is in it, and if you don't want me, I'll start out again."

Belshazzar held up his hands in deprecation.

"I had hoped, sir," he said, "that the young man's recent experience, and the affliction with which he has been visited, would have softened his heart. I fear he requires some one to look after his moral character and forge the bonds of righteousness about his soul."

"My good sir," replied Mr. Dimity, "you speak well, you know well; I am sure you are an honest man."

"How well he knows me," murmured Belshazzar.

"I feel that you are an honest citizen of—"

"Charityville, Pennsylvania."

"Thank you! I never heard of the place, but—"

"A mere trifle of a place, sir—a little village in the oil regions, but of a God-fearing population."



Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty Dick was brought to the surface.

"And you are an esteemed deacon of the church, all love you, your life is spent in doing good to your fellow-creatures!" continued Mr. Dimity.

"He reads me like a book," said Belshazzar, rubbing his hands unctuously together.

"Will you, dear sir, will you undertake the tuition and guidance, in a spiritual sense, of my misguided boy?"

"For a consideration?"

"Certainly; you shall have a handsome stipend."

"Charityville will miss me," exclaimed Belshazzar, in a tone which had imposed upon many a prison chaplain; "the wail of the orphan deprived of his friend, will be heard in the land; but, as I have no family ties to hold me back, I accept the offer."

"You accept?"

"I do, unhesitatingly. The voice of duty calls me. I will strive hard with the world and the flesh, to snatch this brand from the burning."

"Mr. Dimity, simple-minded and too honest to be suspicious, said: 'I thank you.'"

They shook hands, and then the bereaved father caught Jim in his embrace and kissed his cheek.

"My son," he exclaimed, pathetically, "all is forgotten and forgiven. Lead a new life."

"I'll try, father," answered Jim, "and as I see you feel bad I'll leave you alone for the present. Come, sis. Is my room as I left it?"

Fanny replied that it was, and ran up-stairs before him, which was very useful, as he had not the remotest idea which way to go.

Dick's room was plainly furnished, and filled with books, guns, fishing-rods, base-ball bats and other things which youth delights in.

"Oh, you naughty brother!" said Fanny, "to run away, but you'll never do it again."

"Not till next time. Run and tell one of the servants to bring some cigars and some beer; and say, sissy, is that old Mandragon in that garden?"

Fanny looked out of the window.

"Yes, that is he—nasty, cross old thing!" she replied.

Jim took up a putty-blower, and opening the window, shot a couple of pellets at Mr. Mandragon, which struck that gentleman painfully in the eye and on the ear.

"Oh my ear!" cried he, "who's that?"

"I'm back again!" shouted Jim.

Mr. Mandragon darted quickly into his house and was seen no more.

Fanny went off on her errand and the servant soon appeared with what was wanted, leaving the conspirators together.

"How did it go off?" queried Jim.

"First class! The religious lay quite took the old gentleman. These clothes are tip-top for a deacon of the church. I don't think we shall have any trouble now," replied the Gipsy.

"I mean to have fun, I do!" said Jim.

"None of your half-and-half for me! You'll have to board out of the house, Eren, or you'll be bored in."

"Certainly; I shall engage a room at Taylor's Hotel, so that no one will be interested in my movements, and I guess that New York will see more of us than Jersey City. Leave all to me; never open your mouth to fill other people's and we shall triumph," said Belshazzar, confidently.

"I feel certain of one thing," replied Jim, in the same cautious tone adopted by the Gipsy.

"The old man is as soft as a squash and I'll break his heart in a year."

Their position was secured; their trick had been successful. The wonderful likeness between Dick and Jim, the latter's intimate knowledge of the household, all combined to deceive everybody.

For the first few days he had some trouble in recognizing his associates, but he spent most of his time with Tommy Bennett, and from him derived all the information he wanted without exciting suspicion.

In a fortnight he was firmly established.

Mr. Belshazzar came every day to give him lessons, acting the part of his tutor, and Mr. Dimity appeared satisfied with the arrangement.

Time passed on, however, and Jim became irregular in his habits; he came home late at night; occasionally he stayed out altogether.

In his demands for money he became very importunate, and his father could not imagine what he did with all the sums he gave him.

One day a forged check was paid by the bank to Jim and the forgery discovered by Mr. Dimity.

This raised his ire, as the amount was considerable, and a very painful scene ensued, Mr. Dimity declaring that if it ever happened again, he would allow the law to take its course.

The good deacon Belshazzar wept and prayed, but without producing much effect on the young man.

After this a coolness amounting almost to an estrangement sprang up between the father and the supposed son.

As Mr. Dimity was liberal in his donations of money to Jim, it may be wondered where the funds went.

Belshazzar was the gulf into which the greenbacks were poured.

Mr. Dimity, simple-minded and could not restrain his propensity for play.

He rendered Jim's life a misery and a burden to him by his repeated and incessant demands for money.

Since his wife's death Mr. Dimity had been very intimate with the Mandragons, both of them sympathizing deeply with him in his loss.

When the forgery took place Mr. Dimity went to his friends and informed them of the distressing fact.

"It grieves me to tell you this," he said, "but you are my friends and neighbors."

"The boy is turning out badly, as I always predicted," replied Mr. Mandragon, "and that shows the folly of making one child the pet of the family."

"Not till next time. Run and tell one of the servants to bring some cigars and some beer; and say, sissy, is that old Mandragon in that garden?"

"I have an idea, by means of which you might reform him."

Mr. Dimity looked up in surprise.

"Will you impart it to me?" he asked.

"Strictly in private."

"Is that a hint to me to leave the room?" inquired Mrs. Mandragon.

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband; "not even to you dare I impart the secret. It must be known but to us two."

Mrs. Mandragon, always obedient to her husband's will, did not hesitate a moment.

The two gentlemen were left alone together.

Their conversation was long and earnest.

At the conclusion Mr. Dimity grasped the hand of Mr. Mandragon warmly.

"It will be a terrible ordeal," he said, "but I am convinced I ought to do it. If he commits any more enormities the plan shall be put in execution."

"Is it a settled bargain?"

"It is."

What the bargain was will be seen as the story progresses.

Meanwhile, Belshazzar had been very unlucky in his gambling ventures and was more than ever pressing in his demands upon Jim for money.

One evening he was playing cards in the Gipsy's room of the hotel. Wine sparkled in the glasses and the air was perfumed with cigars of the choicest brands.

"Jamie," exclaimed Belshazzar, throwing down his cards, "my lucky star is in the ascendant to-night, and I haven't a red to back the tiger with."

"All I can get I give to you," replied Jim.

"I worry the old man nearly to death for money, and since that affair with the bank he has not been so free with the stamps."

"You must get some."

"How?"

"I have ascertained that Mrs. Dimity's jewels are in a drawer in the bureau of her old room. Bring them to me. The diamonds are worth some thousands."

"Steal them?"

"Call it what you like; we won't cavil about terms."

"The old man won't stand it," said Jim. "I tell you it's a busted racket, and we may as well throw the whole thing up at once."

"Ah, pshaw! Blood is stronger than water."

You are his son—at least he supposes so—and he may bluster, but he will never disgrace his name. I will have the jewels."

"Give me a week."

"Take it," replied the Gipsy, toying restlessly with the cards.

Jim drank more champagne than was good for him, and went home with his head in a whirl.

In the hall he met his supposed father, who instantly saw his condition.

"You have been drinking, sir," he exclaimed.

"What if I have?" replied Jim, insolently.

"It is disgraceful. Go to bed and pray. Heaven may repent of your evil courses," said the saddened father.

Jim reeled up-stairs to his room and threw himself all dressed as he was on the bed.

Fanny stole noiselessly into the room.

"Dick," she cried, "don't you feel well?"

"Very dizzy, sis," he replied.

"You made such a noise coming up, and I heard papa scolding you. Oh! do try to be a good boy! Papa wants to love you so and you won't let him."

"Don't preach," answered Jim; "I hate sermons. Lemme go sleep; can't you?"

With difficulty suppressing her tears, Fanny quitted the room to kneel down by her own bedside and wait to Heaven a pure-hearted maiden's prayer for her erring brother.

That night Island Jim dreamt of robbery.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE OLD WELL.

Mr. and Mrs. Herschell, with their son Carl, and their daughter Lena, owned and lived on the "Woodbine Farm" in New Jersey, a few miles from Elizabeth.

Carl came in to breakfast one morning and said:

"I don't know, father, what the matter is with Max."

Max was the dog.

"Hein!" said Mr. Herschell. "Max vos von goot dorg. Vot he gone do wrong now?"

"I can't get him away from the old well."

"Präps der vos von stunk mit dot well?"

"No, I guess I've killed all the skunks round this farm," answered Carl.

"Der tog never do notings for notings," remarked Mr. Herschell.

"Did you take the boards up and look down?"

"Not I!" replied Carl; "I wanted my breakfast."

"Well, you eat your breakfast and I go look at dot ting," enjoined Mr. Herschell.

"No, father, let me go," pleaded Lena; "I am dying with curiosity."

"Mebbe sometings hurts you, und den you die mit sometings else?" answered her father.

"Please let me go!"

"Donner und blitzen! Dot girl is like her mudder; she most always have her own way."

"You always let me have mine, too," said Lena, kissing him.

"Ya. I love my Lena. Go den and gom pack soon, mit der news," cried her father.

Lena, with the fair hair and blue, liquid, talking eyes, ran off.

She was gone about five minutes, and when she returned her face was pale and her manner strangely agitated.

"Oh! father," she exclaimed, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her hands.

"Donner-wetter! der midschen, has seen ein ghost?" Mr. Herschell asked.

"Worse," replied Lena, recovering herself.

"What is it?"

"There is a man in the well, all covered with blood and—oh! it is so dreadful! I think he is dead."

Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty the body was brought to the surface.

There was a slight pulsation of the heart, and a blade of dry grass, placed against the lips, fluttered, showing that there was a feeble respiration.

"He vos not dead yet!" said Herschell.

"Send for der herr doctor and der richter shudge! Look at dot head! It vos all crushed in, poor boy!"

Carl hastened to send one of the farm hands for a medical man, and then assisted to carry the body into the house, where it was charitably placed upon a bed.

Good-hearted people were these Germans, and though the boy was ragged and looked poverty-stricken, like a tramp, they did not neglect to do their duty to their neighbor.

Like the Samaritan, they refused to pass by on the other side of the way, but poured oil and wine—figuratively—into his wounds.

The half-dead boy was Dick Dimity, whom Belshazzar and Island Jim thought they had silenced forever.

Tenderly, as if it had been her own brother, Lena washed the clotted blood from his hair and face.

When the doctor arrived, he examined the body carefully.

"This has been a brutal attempt at murder," he said. "The skull is fractured, and I fear there is concussion of the brain. To move him will be certain death. With you, he may recover."

Mr. Herschell spoke to his wife.

"Doctor," he said, "he shall stay here. We are Christians. I will pay your bill. Isch dot satisfactory?"

"Perfectly."

The doctor dressed the wounds, left a prescription for a febrifuge, and promised to call again soon.

For many days and nights Dick remained unconscious, but he did not die. Thanks to the kind treatment, delicate nursing and medical skill he received, all aided by a strong constitution, he battled bravely with death and gained the mastery.

But when he grew well again, after the lapse of many weeks, he had a vacant stare in his eyes, an unmeaning expression about his face and an idiotic smile when spoken to.

All this was very sad and painful to his good friends, the Herschells, who appealed to the doctor about this strange symptom.

He was of opinion that the brain was injured and that the boy was an idiot. Whether he would ever recover his faculties or not, he would not venture to say, though he had known cases of loss of reason, arising from a similar cause, cured in time.

"Watch and wait," he concluded.

Again the charity of the Herschells was called into active operation. Most people, under the circumstances, would have sent the helpless boy to the County House, where he would have been placed among the insane poor.

They did nothing of the sort; they kept him with them and let him wander harmlessly about the farm, and sit down at their table and live like one of themselves.

"What is your name?" asked Lena, over and over again.

He would shake his head sadly.

"I don't know," he replied. "I had a name, once, but it went away from me that night when all was so dark."

Pursuing her astute catechism, she would say: "Have you no home?"

"No; I lived in a barn."

"Cannot you remember your friends?"

"It is all gone. I can recollect nothing," he would reply.

"I will try, though; some day it may come back to me. If I could only think of something, I might get it all; but now it is blank, blank, blank!"

He was very grateful to them for their kindness, and always anxious to do any odd job they might have on the farm, compatible with his strength.

And so, he got to be one of the family, and the "boy," as they called him, was pitied and liked by all.

We must leave Dick Dimity, struggling with his blindness in the family of the Herschells, while we return to Island Jim and his resolutely mentor, Eneas Belshazzar.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOY OBEYS A BAD COMMAND.

ALTHOUGH his daring venture had been successful so far, and he was living in luxury such as he had never before been accustomed to, dark clouds were gathering around Island Jim.

A storm was about to burst over his head, and though the storm was no bigger than a man's hand at present, it threatened in process of time to assume formidable dimensions.

He was, one morning, amusing himself by playing ball with Tommy Bennett in the garden at the back of the house. The ball went over the fence into Mr. Mandragon's yard, owing to Tommy's carelessness, and his flight was followed by a slight scream.

"There you go again, butter-fingers!" shouted Jim. "Now somebody's hit and I've got the blame."

"Without answering him Jim climbed the fence, and springing down on the other side he held a charming young lady, who was holding her hand to her face, which had been grazed by the ball.

"How very careless you are!" she exclaimed, in a tone of vexation.

Jim stared at her with admiration, and his fixed gaze was almost rude.

Tall, dark, slim in figure, but wonderfully symmetrical, with long eyelashes that fringed her lustrous eyes, and features so regular as to rival those classic nymphs, sculptured by Phidias and Praxiteles in the palmy days of Greek art, he thought she was the most lovely creature he had ever seen.

"I beg your pardon, miss!" he replied. "It was all Tom Bennett's carelessness."

"How you stare at me!" she fretted. "One would think you had never seen me before."

"I—I—that is, of course, I recollect you, but I can't think

fun. How are you, and when did you come back?" asked Jim, trying to brazen it out.

"Last night; but tell me who I am?"

"What nonsense! Old friends don't want to joke like this. Excuse me a moment. I am scarcely fit to be seen after playing ball. I'll go and fix myself up, and come round to the front."

Without allowing her to say anything more, he kissed the tips of his fingers to her and vaulted again over the fence.

Tommy had been watching him through a hole in the woodwork.

"You're a nice fellow! Where's the ball?" he said.

"Oh! hang the ball! I'm not going to play any more," replied Jim.

"I see how it is," retorted Tom, laughing.

"Directly you saw Mercedesita you couldn't think of anything else."

"Mercedita!" repeated Jim, to himself.

"What a pretty name! So, it appears, I am in love with Mercedesita! Well, I have no objection."

"Where has she been?" he asked, aloud.

"Why, don't you know? What a fellow you are. Ever since you went on that tramp, you've lost your memory. You are always asking me the most stupid questions about places and people."

"I had a good many trials and privations, that time."

"So I should think! Well, Mercedesita is old Mandragon's niece. I suppose you know that."

"Ah! please! What are you giving me? Tell me something I don't know!"

"Last year she went to visit some relations in Cuba, where she was born, and the boys always supposed that you and she were going to hitch teams, some of these days."

Jim ran into the house, and laughing his hair, put on his most fascinating necktie; after which he visited Mr. Mandragon's house.

The servant refused him admittance.

"Mr. Mandragon, sir," said the servant, "has left orders that you are to be told that the family are not at home to you."

Jim bit his lips with vexation.

In the hall he saw the young lady leaning on her uncle's arm.

Mercedita, he exclaimed.

She gave him a cold stare and passed into the drawing-room with her relative.

Jim retired in disgust and felt very mean.

"My dear child," said Mr. Mandragon, to her, "my conduct may seem harsh, but I do not wish you to renew your former intimacy with that young man."

"Your wishes are always law to me, uncle," replied Mercedesita.

"He is bad, worthless and wicked. Only lately he perpetrated a forgery on his father."

"Indeed! What seemed strange to me was that he did not know me. There is something peculiar about him; he does not seem the same Dick Dimity to me."

Mr. Mandragon started.

"The same idea had occurred to me," he said.

"It is singular it should strike us both. There is a mystery somewhere, though it is useless to suggest it to Dimity; he scouts the idea."

"What do you think, uncle?"

"My darling, I cannot give my thoughts words. We must leave it to time to unravel what appears so strange and contradictory."

While this conversation took place between the lovely Mercedesita and her uncle, Jim walked down to the hotel to visit his guide, philosopher and friend.

To his surprise he met Enas Belshazzar in the street.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said he.

"To me, too. I am glad I have met you," replied the Gipsy.

There was that in his manner which showed that something of an unusual nature had occurred, for he was strangely agitated.

"Anything gone wrong?" inquired Jim, his heart coming into his throat, as he feared that they were detected.

"Yes; I must have those jewels at once."

"Can't you wait till night, when the house is quiet and all are asleep?" asked Jim.

"I cannot; the fact is I must cut and run as soon as possible," replied Enas. "How long I shall be away I don't know, but I will communicate steadily with you, who must run the machine by yourself during my absence."

"Leave me alone!"

"It's unavoidable. You are well planted, now, and need not be afraid of anything."

"You have told me so much that you can afford to tell me a little more," said Jim. "We ought to have no secrets from one another."

"Well, I'll trust you," answered the Gipsy, while a nervous tremor ran through his body.

"Ten years ago I was in Virginia City, Nevada, and had made a pile, speculating in stocks, which was easy enough in those days, if you were on the spot, and in with the ring. There was a rich fellow there, a Spanish marquis, Manuel de Garcia. His wife was very charming, and I ran away with her."

"Ah, begin to see!" exclaimed Jim.

"We went to Los Angeles, in Lower California, where he found us out. I fled; he killed his wife and took a solemn oath at the old Mission church there, that he would never rest till he had slain me, and I have always had an idea he would keep his word."

"Well?"

"Last night I met him in the street, and he recognized me in the crowd. I slipped away, but I am uneasy. I dare not stay in the same city with el Señor Manuel de Garcia, for that man's presence means death to me."

"Go armed! What have you to be afraid of?"

The Gipsy shivered like a leaf.

"I am not either morally or physically a coward," he rejoined. "yet I lose my nerve before him. I think of Garcia. For ten years a blight has been on me. Nothing that I have touched has prospered with me, except this last venture of ours. I must go!"

"Whither?" asked Jim.

"I know not. Anywhere out of his way. I think I'll try one of the West India Islands for a while. Now you see why I must have money at once."

Island Jim's resolution was soon taken.

"Wait for me at the hotel," he ordered. "It is risky, but I'll do it for your sake."

They parted, and Jim returned to the house, to learn from the servant that Mr. Dimity was lunching at Mr. Mandragon's.

He knew that Mrs. Dimity's jewels, valued at a very large sum, were locked in the drawer of a bureau in her husband's sleeping apartment. There was no doubt about this, because Mr. Dimity had once, in a moment of confidence, shown them to him.

Being an adept in picking locks, he provided himself with a piece of wire and ascended to the room. The servants were all below at dinner, and Fanny had gone to school. Pulling down the curtains the window he set to work, and in five minutes his practiced hand had succeeded in opening the drawer.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 464.)

Old Occident's Stratagem.

BY OLL COOMES.

It was night upon the Grand Prairie of Nebraska, but it was some years ago—before the U. P. railroad had carried its civilizing influence over that vast domain of the wild buffalo and wilder savage. It was a March night, wild and tempestuous; so, at least, thought that little band of homesteaders that were encamped in the very heart of that great plain.

The party consisted of seven men, one of whom was Old Occident, a famous hunter, who was acting as guide for the others. Two wagons and a spring-board buggy, each drawn by two horses, composed the outfit of the homesteaders, as men seeking homes upon the Government lands were called.

In leaving the settlement that morning, Occident felt satisfied of their ability to reach the

timber on the opposite side of the prairie; but, owing to a strong wind blowing in their faces, their progress was slow and they were compelled to go into camp on the open plain; and that, too, with some strange, suspicious-looking objects hovering along the western horizon. They were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there meant mischief.

"If it's Ingles," declared Old Occident, "it's a band of raiders from the North-west, and they may give us trouble."

Every precaution was taken to guard against danger. The night fell black, starless and wild. Black clouds rolled through the etheral deep like billows on a maddened ocean, and the cold March wind came shrieking down from the north-west with unrelenting fury.

The homesteaders were compelled to remove the canvas tilts from their wagons to keep them from being whipped to shreds and the wagons upset. This deprived them of their only shelter and made the night all the more cold and disagreeable; but after long hours of patient waiting morning dawned, cold and bleak, with a fearful wind still blowing from the north-west. But this was not the worst; every horse was gone! While out upon the prairie, upon all sides and corners, were a hundred hostile Indians.

"Surrounded by the shades of the temple!" exclaimed Old Occident.

"My God!" responded Jonathan Miles, "we are doomed!"

"It looks shadowy for us, boys," Occident continued; "there are a pack of murderous Sioux making a raid down in this country whar there hasn't been a hostile for two years, and they're after hair, this outfit may furnish 'em about seven head-ropes."

"Do you think they'll make a charge upon us?" asked Miles.

"They would if they knewed how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through them lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do afoot? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach their lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"I've an idea in my head, colonel," responded Occident, "that may outwit the red devils. I'll try it, at least. I've never seen the red skin that could beat me on a stratagem. All I want you to do is to stand with your repeaters and revolvers ready to repel any charge. As they're afoot, you could shoot 'em all down with them long-rangers of yours afore they could get here, and they seem to be aware of the fact, too, and are layin' around out thar waitin' for us to try to escape. But we see ourselves doin' such a thing as that! If the daisies git my hair, they must fight for it, and I know it's the same by yours."

"Yes, yes!" shouted the homesteaders, as their minds reverted to the dear ones that would wait and watch their coming with eager impatience.

Old Occident now went to work to prepare for his departure, and it was with a curious osity that his movements were watched by his companions. The first thing he did was to tie the buggy, belonging to the party, to one of the wagons. As done he raised the buggy-pole until it pointed heavenward, and the hundred by means of stay-chains taken from one of the wagons.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, as he regarded this work of his; "boys, I used to be a sailor bold, and what I can't knock about reef-in and riggin' a vessel we'll know!"

That buggy-pole cocked up that reminds me of bare mast without sail, and here goes for the sail."

It was apparent now, to the homesteaders, what their old guide was up to. He intended to rig the light buggy with sail, take advantage of the wild, sweeping wind and endeavor to escape. But the idea seemed as impossible and absurd as it was foolhardy, and Jonathan Miles remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose.

"You'll never know till ye try, Jonathan," Occident would reply; "you see, that wind is blowin' at the rate of thirty miles or more an hour, and I believe I can sail through the breakers like a flint. If I do, I'll have a hundred men here from the Plate Settlements afore night."

The old man took one of the canvas tilts and some ropes and tarred and constructed a square sail which he adjusted, in good order, to the mast. A rope was then attached to the ends of the fore-edge, just inside the wheels, for a steering apparatus, and Occident was ready to sail.

"Now, boys," he said, mounting the seat of the wind-ship, "when I say the word, cut her loose and let her flicker. I'll sail south-east with the wind and if the Ingles git too thick in that direction I'll veer off to the south and take the wind on my quarter. I'll catch the wind, boys, keep a stiff upper lip, and, if the devils tempt to steal a march on you, don't give up as long as you've breath. It may be they'll break their lines, when I sail out, so's you can escape. If you do make tracks to the point we left yesterday mornin'. Now, then, cut her loose!"

One of the men cut the rope that held the buggy to the wagon just as Occident ran up his sail, and the vessel sailed forward, almost on its beam end, as the canvas caught the wind, but Old Occident soon set it right. A convulsive quiver seemed to shake the whole vehicle; then with the straining of the ropes and creaking of the timbers the light vehicle shot away in a zigzag course, reeling and tottering like a drunken thing.

It was some time before Occident could get the craft under control, so swiftly and wildly did it lunge and dart along the prairie, like a wounded bird in the air or a maddened steed endeavoring to unseat its rider.

The savages were stricken with awe at the sight of the white-winged monster sweeping out of the camp of the pale-faces, and stood as if rooted to the spot. This lasted only for a moment. With a fiendish yell they started toward the point where they saw the wind-wagon would pass their lines.

"By heavens!" cried Jonathan Miles, "they will slay the guide! He can never pass that cordon of savages—I see he veers to the right! he will dodge them!"

True enough. The old borderman, seeing the danger that was gathering before him, pulled the rein, and his wind-steered turned and plunged away toward the south at a fearful speed, the wheels humming like a hundred spiders.

Fifty rifles rung out. A few bullets tore through the sail, but no further damage was sustained by the old land-sailor, and in three minutes from the time he had started, Occident had passed the dead-line and was flying down the plain, while the savages strung out over the prairie in pursuit like the tail of a comet.

With eager eyes the homesteaders watched the white sail receding in the distance over the soft carpet of the plain, murmuring prayer of thanks for the success of the old guide's novel yet daring adventure in their behalf.

The diversion created by the escape of Old Occident enabled Jonathan Miles and his friends to escape from their beleaguered camp, and on foot, make their way across the prairie toward the nearest settlement. But before half the distance had been made they met Occident, with a company of cavalry that had been in search of the Indians some days, coming to their rescue.

A lady was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied: "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks."

At a recent Sunday-school concert the superintendent was talking about idols, when to ascertaining what he was saying he asked: "Children, what is an idol?" "Being lazy," was the loud and quick response of one of the members of the juvenile class.

FOR GOLD.

BY A. W. HELLAWAY.

To-night they wed me to the Earl; Already in the hall. The throng is met; the dancers whirl In rout and carnival; And music's 'wandering soul is there. And I am but me and gay— Alas, if ever my despair Should greet another day!

What if he owns broad lands of worth, With parks and palaces! If he's master of the earth My heart could not be his. And he is old, and I am young— Fool of my father's plot; With him he has a cruel tongue— And then, I love him not.

Alas, the world is weighed with wrong! My little sweet desire For life, how'er it pass along, To-night shall I expire. Oppression's self is everywhere; The helpless heart is here; And to be sold for Earl's gold What can be worse, be worse!

Come, nurse, good nurse, and in my hair These shining diamonds set, For they may serve to make me fair A little longer. 'These pale white flowers wreath' round my brow, And leave the red at rest, Whose color ill befits me now To wear on brow or breast.

Good nurse, good-by; your kindness done, You hence need show no more; To-night shall I expire. By death than Evanoor. Nor friend have I in this distress, And like all I have grave From those around whom I hate less To save or try to save.

They wait me in the hall! I go; I am delaying late; And yet shall not me coming slow To lead me to my fate. But I'll not say the word that makes My life from life apart, Nor take the hateful oath that breaks And ne'er can bless my heart.

For ere he touch these lips that speak, To make his vow divine, My lost breath shall have left them weak; I'll live not where I do not love, Nor smile where I despise, And heaven in my heart shall be, Though bitter death denies.

Merle, the Mutineer:

OR, THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR.

A Romance of Sunny Lands and Blue Waters.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE SURE ANGEL," "THE CORSAIRS OF HISTORY," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRE-TAN BOYER," "THE PIRATE PRINCE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A USELESS APPEAL.

At a very early hour, on the morning following the arrival of the cruiser of Captain De Silva, in the harbor of Havana, a *volante* drew up at the gateway of the *Palacio* of the Captain, or Governor-General of Cuba.

From the vehicle a lady, heavily veiled, alighted, and gave her card to the sentinel, who dispatched it by a servant in to the ruler of the *Gen* of the Antilles.

In a few moments a young officer, in gorgeous uniform came forward, and bowing low, bade the lady follow him into the *Palacio*.

Ascending the spacious stair-way to an upper corridor, upon the opposite side of which was a grand hall-way, the visitor was ushered out upon a cool *veranda* which opened upon a lovely garden, filled with orange and lemon trees, while the air was laden with the fragrance of innumerable and rare flowers.

Numberless fountains filled the garden, cooling the air, and the trees were thronged with singing birds, which made the place a very Eden, in which to while away the sultry hours of the day.

Reclining upon a willow settee, upon which were silken cushions, the Governor-General was sipping black coffee, eating a hard-sweet biscuit, called a *semilla*, and now and then giving a whiff at a *Regalia*—a cigar seldom seen away from Havana, and a luxury indeed to the smoker.

As the lady approached, the governor threw away his cigar, and rising, met her with extended hand.

Welcome, Señorita De Silva; this is indeed an honor. By the way, allow me to thank you for your part in the capture of those pirates."

"It is of those pirates, as you call them, your Excellency, that I would speak—at least of one of them," said Rena, firmly.

"How can the Señorita De Silva feel interest in a pirate, may I ask?" queried the Governor-General, in surprise.

"I feel the interest of gratitude toward one who rendered me a service I shall never forget. Your Excellency is aware of the capture of the vessel I came from Spain in, by Freeland, the buccaneer?"

"Yes, señorita, and that you recognized in the leader of these outlaws, one who served you; but what then, lady?"

"It is your intention, my father tells me, to have them all executed."

"It is; at sunrise to-morrow they shall be shot; taken as pirates they shall be shot without trial."

"There can be one exception, if your Excellency is so inclined to favor me."

"In anything but sparing the life of one of those wretches, yes, lady; but not in that, not in that."

"This is your firm decision, *Excellenza*?"

"It is—irrevocably."

Rena De Silva knew the Governor-General too well to urge more, and felt that her appeal was useless; but she did not yet despair.

"Still, your Excellency, you will permit me to visit the prisoner, and carry with me a holy father to cheer his last hours; you will not deny me this, señor?"

"Assuredly not, señorita; they certainly deserve all the consolation the *padre* can give them, for their sins have been great, and if the Señorita De Silva wishes to thank, in person, one who has, I admit, greatly served her, I will give her *corte blanca* to visit the Moro."

Don Fernando will be only too happy to have the sun of so fair a face shine within its gloomy walls."

Unmotivated the compliment, Rena continued: "One favor more, señor Excellency?"

"Name it, señorita."

"It is to give the poor doomed, men a respite until to-morrow night, at sunset."

"Why, señorita? Better have the matter over with."

"No; let them die with the dying day, not with its beginning."

"You have some motive in this, señorita. I cannot fathom," and the Governor-General eyed her closely.

"A woman's motives, señor, are unfathomable," granted Rena.

"Granted. From Father Adam to our day, no man ever fully understood a woman," laughed the Governor.

"We are discussing men now, señor; will you grant my request?"

"Then I know what is the reason, señorita."

"That I cannot now tell, *Excellenza*; but it is a good one, and you are assuredly not afraid of a girl, that you refuse."

"A girl is a woman, señorita, and I am afraid of everything that wears a petticoat," and his Excellency laughed half-seriously.

Then, as if ashamed of his doubts, he continued:

"Certainly, señorita; it is only a few hours, more or less, and I will grant it; but when the wretches come to die in the evening they will be sorry they were not executed in the morning."

"True, and if led out in the morning, they would wish to live until evening, your Excellency."

"Pointed reasoning without doubt. How else can I serve you, señorita?"

"By giving me the permit for myself and a *padre* to visit the Moro."

"Ah, yes, I will order it at once," and calling to a slave, dressed in muslin trousers and jacket, he bade him summon his *aide-de-camp*.

The same officer who had ushered Rena into the presence of the Governor-General at once appeared.

"Señor Rafael, bid my secretary write a permit for the Señorita De Silva to visit the Moro, accompanied by one or more friends, for the purpose of seeing the pirates just incarcerated there."

The officer bowed, and soon returned with the permit, and placed a gold instand, and quill pen beside the Governor, who at once attached his name to the paper.

Thanking him, Rena arose and departed from the *Palacio*, and entering her *volante*, drove rapidly away into the heart of the city.

An hour after the same *volante* rolled beneath the massive gateway of the Castle El Moro, and drew up in front of the commandant's quarters.

From the vehicle descended a *padre* of the monkish order and the Señorita De Silva, Don Fernando Miguel, Colonel Commandant of the Moro, caught sight of the fair form, as he was just entering his quarters, and came hastily forward.

"Ah! the Señorita De Silva! Your slave, lady."

He bowed low before the beauty and heiress, for he was a bachelor, under forty, handsome and a marrying man, if—he could marry a fortune.

Rena bestowed upon the handsome Spaniard her sweetest smile, and said, in her most dulcet tones:

"Señor colonel, I have come to see one of your prisoners."

"Would that I were he, lady, be he whom he may!" gallantly said the commandant.

"I thank you, señor; but as this man dies to-morrow it would not be pleasant to change places with him. I refer to Merle, the pirate officer."

"Ah, the mutineer?"

"The same, señor; he saved me from a sad fate once, and in his distress I have come with a holy *padre* to cheer him by a few words."

Your bright eyes, Señorita De Silva, would unlock my lowest dungeon, and though against orders—

"But I have here the permit I received from the hand of the Governor-General himself."

"Ah, I had hoped you felt that with me I needed no order, señorita; I will send the guard after him."

"Pardon, señor, I prefer to see him in his cell. I have a curiosity to behold the interior of this gloomy old pile. Ah! what troops of ghosts must throng these corridors at night, and Rena shuddered.

Calling a soldier the commandant bade him conduct the maiden and *padre* to the cells of the mutineers, for he felt that his presence was not desired.

Through interminable passages, gloomy and forbidding, down stone stairways, and far from the light of day, the guide led the way, until they came to a large room on the right.

This is the guard-room, lady; we will find here the jailer of this tier of cells," and the soldier, excusing himself, soon returned with an old man, bearded and stern.

"Pedro, the señorita has orders from the commandant to you."

"Thy servant, lady," and the old jailer bowed.

"I would see Merle the Mutineer," quietly said Rena, shuddering at the dismal surroundings with which she was encompassed.

Silently the old man led the way along a narrow passage, stopped at an iron door, and taking a key from his belt placed it in the lock.

There was a dim light within the cell—not from the light of day, but from a lamp swinging in the passage.

Within, a tall form sat upon a low couch, his face buried in his hands; but at the grating of the key in the lock he looked up.

Quickly, as his eyes fell upon Rena, he sprang to his feet.

"You here, lady, here in this—I almost said hell on earth?" and there was a bitterness in

Ainslie, de mate, an' me, an' half a dozen niggers."

"All of them true to your young master?"

"De niggers is, missy; guess de mate would be, too."

"Very well, here is a little present for you. Remember, be on the watch, and slipping several pieces of gold into Dave's honest palm, the maiden bade the coachman drive down to the pier, in front of which lay her father's vessel.

Here Rena alighted, signaled a boat, and was rowed on board the cruiser, the *padre* awaiting ashore in the *volante* for her.

"Is my father on board, señor?" she asked of the officer who came after her in the boat.

"He is not, señorita."

"And the señor, Captain Angelos?"

"He is, lady."

"Did him come to me in the cabin, please?"

In a few moments the officer sent for a captain of marines, entered, and found the maiden pacing the cabin nervously; her face was pale, excepting two red spots that burned upon either cheek.

He was a young man, under thirty, and with a tall, elegant form.

His face was very dark, handsome and full of character.

A dashing, splendid fellow, was Andrea Angelos, and one who had won his rank by gallantry, for he was a Cuban, and not a Spaniard, and upon that score Captain De Silva had objected to him as a suitor for his daughter's hand.

As for Rena, she had shown him no more preference than she had a hundred others, and upon his offering himself, had refused him.

"Be seated, señor capitán."

"Not while you stand, señorita."

Rena threw herself into an easy-chair, and the young officer followed her example.

"Señor, you once did me the honor of saying you loved me?" and the maiden's face now crimsoned.

"I told but the truth, señorita."

"And now, señor?"

The officer looked surprised; but he answered: "Time has but added to my love for you, señorita."

"Will you prove your love for me, Andrea Angelos?"

"Ay, lady, that will I," was the eager response.

"You are honored, I believe, by being selected to execute the duties, on to-morrow afternoon?"

"I am, señorita."

"The place of execution is the plateau outside of the city walls, and fronting on the sea?"

"It is, lady."

"Now, Andrea Angelos, listen to me, and if you do as I ask you, I promise to become your wife whenever you name the day."

Andrea Angelos sprang to his feet in delighted astonishment.

"Hear me. If you refuse, swear that you will not betray me in anything that I may do."

"I swear it, lady; how can I serve you? Name it, for I consent."

Rena De Silva leaned forward and whispered to the young officer a bold plan she had formed for the escape of Merle the Mutineer.

"If that fails he is lost," she said to the now surprised but delighted officer.

"And you have promised, señor Angelos?"

"I have, by the sainted Virgin!"

"Then I shall keep my promise and become your wife. Now see me to my boat."

The young officer escorted the maiden to the waiting barge, and raised his hat as she rowed shoreward, a happy look upon his face, as he muttered:

"I would risk ten times as much for her, noble girl that she is!"

Had he heard the muttered words of Rena, as she left the vessel's side, he would have been even happier:

"It is no concession on my part to marry him, for I have loved him from the first time we met, and I only refused him because I did not wish to be yet bound by an engagement."

The *padre* was patiently awaiting her, and entering the vehicle it rolled off again toward the Moro.

Driving through the gateway the *padre* sprang from the *volante*, leaving the maiden within.

The permit of the Governor-General gained him at once permission to again visit the prisoner, and he was absent an hour, during which time Rena awaited him in the carriage, listening to the complimentary discourse of the colonel-commandant, who spied the De Silva livery on the coachman and came out.

"I have given the poor men what consolation I could, daughter."

It was the deep voice of the *padre* behind the commandant, who seemed reluctant that the holy father's spiritual advice had not continued longer.

"You saw him?" was the maiden's eager question as they drove away.

"Yes, and told him our plan."

"Buena! and the others?"

"I visited the cell of each of the condemned, daughter, and they all know what to expect."

"Oh! how I thank you, and I will give to your Order a handsome golden souvenir. I do trust all may go well now."

"I hope so, daughter. The hour will be in their favor."

"Immensely; what strange feeling caused me to beg the Governor-General to spare me until sunset? I cannot understand; I wanted to gain time, I suppose, for I had no other motive though he suspected me of having. Again let me thank you, and here I will leave you, and my carriage can drive you back to the monastery."

The maiden left the vehicle at the water's edge, and the priest was driven to his gloomy home in the abodes of a monastery.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

The Fresh of Frisco;

OR,

The Heiress of Buenaventura.

A Story of Southern California.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-DEN," "THE INDIAN,"
"THE POLICE," "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA,"
"PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES,"
"OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ESCAPE.

The timely suggestion of the masked chief proved the salvation of the disguised men, for, by throwing themselves flat upon their faces, they were enabled to breathe with comparative ease, for the strange vapor which had arisen so suddenly, and in such a mysterious way, from the furnace obeyed the stringent law of nature and floated toward the roof of the cavern.

So dense was the vapor-like smoke that, even the blazing torches failed to make an impression upon it, and like lights burning in a fog, were walled in by leaden gloom.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the disguised man, who had stood by the side of the masked judge, and who, in throwing himself upon the floor had still kept near to the chief.

"The fiend only knows!" the judge replied, angrily.

"Do you suppose that the Indian had anything to do with it?"

"Perhaps," and then a sudden thought flashed over the speaker's mind. "Why, it is a thousand to one that he produced it."

"Produced it—how?"

"Cast some drug into the furnace; these peons are skilled in herbs and roots, and I have often heard that this José was a mighty medicine-man; the cunning rascal has overreached us."

"But I do not understand—what can he gain by this trick?"

"Liberty; he saw that we were disposed to push him to the quick, and as he was not able to oppose force he tried what cunning would effect. This is an old cave, you know; it was here when the town was first settled; it is evidently an old mine, for it bears marks of having been worked; no white men though ever had a hand in it; it is one of the secret mines of the Indians, for the very entrance to it is carefully hidden, and it was only by accident that I stumbled upon it, and I have kept the knowledge of the mountain passage within my own breast. I caused the underground way to the Alcázar's Rancho to be constructed, for I saw how useful the cavern would prove. Now it is just possible that this lying scamp of a red-skin knows all the ins and outs of the cave much better than I do. If you remember, when the men went to fetch him a minute or so ago he was not there, and when I went myself and saw him lying curled up on the floor, I believed that they had carelessly overlooked him, although I could not very well understand how they could do such a thing. They protested stoutly that they had used their eyes as well as they knew how, and that when they had gone the first time the cell was empty. Of course I pressed them for a couple of careless rascals, but I am satisfied now that they spoke the truth. The peon was not there. He knows some secret passage which leads from that little cave. It is probable that, in the old time, this cavern was not only a mine but served as a place of refuge for the red-men in the time of danger, and that is the reason why all the winding passages, which apparently lead nowhere—the end being barred by the solid rock—were constructed. Each and every one had some secret outlet skillfully constructed, and so cunningly arranged as to baffle the most searching eyes. You have followed me in this."

"Yes, and you think the Indian, perceiving that you intended to force the secret of Miguel Scott from him, resolved to escape rather than to betray the son of his old master?"

"Exactly," he has taken advantage of the darkness which he produced by the smoke, and drug into the furnace fire, to escape, and the chances are a thousand to one that already he is far beyond our reach."

"The vapor is losing its force; soon we will know the truth."

Such was the fact; the peculiar smoke, so pungent in its character, was slowly fading away, and breathing was no longer oppressive.

"Suppose that the Indian has escaped?"

"We hold the boy, though; and this desperate sharp, who is so handy with both his tongue and his weapons," the judge replied, "and there was a menace in his tone which boded me in this."

Either the Californian, or to the outspoken Fresh of Frisco.

The vapor grew thinner and thinner, the light of the torches began to again illuminate the dark recesses of the cavern, and like so many dark and horrid reptiles the peons and men of Tejon lifted up their heads and glared around them.

The judge was right; no Indian was to be seen; the peon had taken advantage of the vapor to wriggle away in the darkness. It was quite plain that El Embarcadero was no stranger to the secrets of the cavern.

Again the disguised men stood upon their feet and blinked in each other's faces like so many owls, bared suddenly from darkness into light.

These bold, rough men, desperadoes of the worst type, equally reckless of their own lives and of the lives of others, suddenly comprehended that they had escaped, as it were, from the very shadow of death. They understood that, if the Indian had used double the quantity of powder than he had cast upon the furnace fire, that the man in the hot room would have escaped to tell the tale, but that one and all would have perished by suffocation. There were white faces then under the black hoods, and drunken José, the liar, suddenly became exalted into a foe of no mean ability.

The judge resumed his place upon the rocky throne.

"Bring out both the boy and the man," he commanded. "We have no time to spare, now, for morning is not far off, and we must get to the bottom of this business before day breaks."

The officers departed to carry out the orders, but in a few seconds they came rushing back in amazement.

"Both are gone!" they cried.

"Gone!" exclaimed the chief, and the rest of the gang recoiled the words.

"Was it possible that this was destined to be a night of surprises?"

Hurriedly the chief proceeded to examine the cave cells in person, trusting to find the pair asleep in some corner, as, but a short time previous, he had discovered the peon.

But the slightest trace of either one could be found. Both the Californian and the adventurer had disappeared, and as mysteriously as though they had melted into the solid rock.

The masked men searched high and they searched low; every hollow passage, every crevice, every nook and cranny, they tried, but if there was a secret outlet, and there was very little doubt that one did exist somewhere, it was too cunningly contrived to be discovered by mortal eyes.

Baffled in their search the masked men returned to the main cavern and there held a consultation, the result of which the reader will see anon.

And now we will return to the two prisoners and relate the manner of their escape from their prison-pens.

Blake, after his interview with the chief of the Black Men, upon being conducted to his cell again, immediately began to prepare himself to pass the night in comfort, for a true son of the border was he, and no matter how rough the accommodations he always endeavored to make the best of them.

Hardly had he camped himself down in a snug corner of the cave when he was suddenly astonished by hearing a slight noise as though a heavy body had jumped lightly to the ground from some considerable height, but, whether animal or human, he did not know.

His doubts were soon solved, though, for with a stealthy step the thing approached him, evidently able to see in the dark, and Blake braced himself for a struggle.

"No hurt white man—me friend!"

In a hoarse whisper, and in a few words, and extremely reassuring was the sentence, too.

"Well, I want friends just now, if ever a man did," Blake replied.

"You friend—Miguel Scott, eh?" questioned the mysterious stranger, you mean that young Californian, I think I can answer safely that I am his friend, for I like the lad, and I would go out of my way to do him a service."

"You no want to stay here, eh?"

"Not much," replied Blake, emphatically.

"Spose I gette you out, you fight me Miguel Scott, eh?" questioned the voice, anxiously.

"Yes, that's a bargain; you get me out and I'll stand up for the boy like a brother."

"Good! Me gette you out!"

"But, who are you?"

"José, the Liar! Wait, me come back soon."

And then Blake heard the sound of retreating footsteps, followed by a peculiar sound as though the man was scrambling up the side of the wall. Then all was still.

"José, the Liar, eh?" Blake muttered. "I hope, on this occasion, though, my gentle friend will be his name."

Blake waited in patience, and at last his vigil was rewarded.

As the chief of the masked men had conjectured, the Indian did throw a powdered drug upon the furnace fire, thus producing the vapor; then under cover of the gloom, he had glided away, entered the cave-cell where Blake was confined, released him from the pions which bound him and instructed him how to scale the side of the cave, to the secret passage, the entrance to which was some eight feet from the floor. Then he conducted him south to the cave where the Californian was confined, freed the lad from the lariats which bound him, and

then plunging into another secret passage, led the way to the outer air, and after some fifteen or twenty minutes' walk, through the underground passages, came out on the mountain-side in a little grove of scrubby pines, high up above the town of Tejon Camp, which was plainly visible to the eyes of the three, bathed in the rays of the pale moonlight afar down in the valley.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONTACT.

For the first time the escaped prisoners looked upon the face of their rescuer, José, the peon—José, the Liar—who possessed such a wonderful knowledge of the secret passages of the underground judgment-hall of the Black Men of Tejon.

The old Indian, scantily clad, with his long black hair streaming down upon his shoulders under his ragged-edged sombrero, looked like anything but a hero, but there was no disputing the fact that the peon, with his cunning tricks, aided by his wonderful knowledge of the underground passages, had saved the lives of the two captives.

"Well, old fellow, you have done us a good turn, to-night!" Blake exclaimed. "I say us," he continued, turning to the Californian, "for I presume that you were in a tight place, too?"

"Indeed I was," the youth replied, frankly, "and I trust that it will be many a long day before I come as near to death as I have been this night."

"I for one won't forget it, my red friend," Blake observed, "and the day may come when I can repay the service, if ever, as you have assured you may command me, even to the shedding of the last drop of blood within my veins."

No needless speech or empty boast was this. The Fresh of Frisco meant every word of it, and he was one of that kind of men who made good their words.

"And I, sir, owe you a debt of gratitude no less great than this gentleman's," the youth cried, "and I, too, am willing at any time to risk my life to pay the debt."

The old Indian wagged his head in a very peculiar way.

"Me no want nothing, nohow," he replied. "Me, long time ago, Michael Scott man—no forget cattle-king of Buenaventura. See! his face lay again here!" and the Indian pointed to the youth.

And this was really a wonderful stretch of the imagination, for there could be but very little resemblance between the young, smooth-faced boy and the grim, old, bearded cattle-king of Buenaventura.

The dark eyes of the youth glistened and he made an impatient gesture.

The Indian misunderstood the youth.

"He no afraid," he cried; "he friend," and he pointed to Blake. "Big chief—fight for you; you need help friend to fight ladrones dere, and with his skinny fore-finger the red-man pointed down the mountain-side to where the quiet town of Tejon Camp lay sleeping in the moonlight."

"This gentleman is a stranger to me," the Californian remarked, a peculiar expression upon the olive-tinted, resolute face. "Already he has ventured his life in my quarrel, and to ask him to do more would be to place myself under a weight of obligation which in the future might crush me to the very ground."

"Your life José save!" the Indian exclaimed, forcibly, shaking his skinny fore-finger at Blake. "What for you do for old eh?"

"Anything you like!" the Fresh replied, on the point of replying that he would fight for him if he said so, eh? and José pointed to the Californian.

"To the death!" Blake answered, promptly. "It is good; your father was my master," said the Indian, addressing the youth. "Old José live to be a thousand years he nebbor forget old cattle-king."

"But my name is not Miguel Scott; I am not the son of the cattle-king of Buenaventura; you are laboring under a delusion!" the youth exclaimed, evidently the prey of strong excitement.

The Indian wagged his head sagely. It was quite plain that the denial of the youth had no more effect upon him than the whisper of the breeze sighing through the pines of the mountain-side.

"That is right," he muttered, with a cunning leer; "your secret—hide it tight—tell it not even to the winds, for who knows when it may be betrayed? Old José know it—this North American, he know it—no one else. Good! You need money. José know where the gold lies hid. I was a cattle-king, I know, too, where, in the heart of the mountain, the old cattle-king, he cached his treasures. When old red-beard José will speak, and the peon pointed down into the valley, thus plainly indicating that by old red-beard he meant Alexander Black, the alcalde of Tejon Camp."

"What has his death to do with the secret?" the Californian demanded, in wonder.

The Indian shook his head, but his finger upon his lips as if to entreat silence, and then with a guttural "good-by," shook both their hands as he glided away into the forest, vanishing amid the pines like a specter.

Blake and the Californian looked at each other in amazement.

"A little touched in the upper story, eh?" suggested the Fresh.

"Would you see so?" the Californian replied. "Well, crazy or not, he has done us a good turn this night, and I will not forget it if the chance ever comes for me to return the service. I've learned a thing or two in the last few hours. These Tejon Camp cutthroats have caught me napping once, but they will never get a second opportunity."

"And so say I!" exclaimed the youth; "and yet I must brave their power whether I will or no, for I have business in yonder camp, and I must pursue it even at the risk of life."

"Well, my friend, what say you now: shall we go on together or separate here and say good-by?" Blake asked, regarding the youth with an earnest, inquiring look.

"That is as you say."

"As I say, eh?" Blake repeated, reflectively. "You know the Californian custom, I suppose?"

"I am not sure that I understand to which one you refer."

"Why, in this wild, rude land two men come together, by accident or by design; they become companions, partners, brothers; and oftentimes the tie thus hastily formed is as enduring as one that cemented by blood relationship. And now, what say you—shall we be partners, brothers, each for the other and both for one?"

A painful expression swept over the olive-tinted face.

"But it is not right to drag you into my quarrel!" the youth exclaimed. "I come on a desperate mission, and in attempting to gain the end I seek I shall undoubtedly rouse against me all the ruffianly villains of this camp of outlaws—and as he spoke the Californian shook his clenched fist at the sleeping town below."

"Already you have put your life in peril on my account; why, then, should I seek to embroil you further? Why not attempt to tread my own dangerous life-path alone, and then, if I fail in my design, and perish by the hands of desperate men, no life but my own will be sacrificed?"

"You are, then, Miguel Scott, the son of this old cattle-king of Buenaventura, and you seek the secret treasure hidden in the mountains, in regard to which the old Indian spoke; and, if I guess the situation rightly, this alcalde of Tejon Camp is also after the treasure, and that is the reason why the attack was made upon us to-night in the Alcázar's Rancho," Blake said, slowly.

"I am not Miguel Scott, but I do seek the hidden treasure, and I have as good a right to it as any one," the Californian replied, firmly.

"Well, partner, I might as well take a hand in the fun, for I am already mixed up in the affair, and I shall probably have to do my share of the fighting, anyway."

"Since you will take my quarrel upon your back, join me, then," and the youth extended his hand, impulsively, as he spoke.

The two clasped hands and the big, round

moon, high up in the heavens, witnessed the compact.

"And now, if you choose, I can bring to your assistance some good, stout fellows who will be more than a match for doubt in their number of these Tejon Camp bullies," Blake remarked.

"You can?" and the Californian opened his eyes in wonder.

"They are black sheep, every one of them, but we must fight fire with fire."

"No matter who or what they are, so long as they will back my quarrel and help me to fight these villains of this robber town!"

"The men I speak of have a haunt in the mountains only a few miles from here," Blake explained. "They are outlaws, every man of them; not a living soul in the band but for whom the outlaw law is reaching."

"I care not so long as they fight my battles for me, and if I succeed I will make every man of them rich beyond their wildest dreams."

"But one thing I had forgotten," Blake added.

"Well, what is it?"

"It will be necessary for you to join the outlaw band, or otherwise I cannot trust you with the secret of their mountain retreat."

"I will join them," the Californian answered, promptly. "What care I? If I win my fight, I shall be rich enough to give them a fortune apiece, and if I understand human nature aright, the band will dissolve immediately when each member has money enough to seek a civilized home, either in this land or another; and if I fail, I shall probably meet my death at the hands of my brutal foes, and then what matter oaths and secrets to me?"

"You reason shrewdly; and with the aid of my Wolves I think the chances are ten to one that you will win!" Blake cried, impressed with the spirit of the youth. "And now, let's be off, the folks have some miles to cover. We have faced the Black Men of Tejon to-night; now try the Wolves, and see if they won't treat you better!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

An Odd Character.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

WHATEVER faults "Young Joe" Robidoux may have had, a lack of patriotism was not among them. When the late civil war broke out, Joe, though then far beyond the prime of life, was one of the first who enlisted in the—Missouri. Almost the entire regiment, but the veterans in particular to which Joe belonged, was composed of men from in and around St. Joe, so that the veteran's many foibles were treated with greater leniency than would otherwise have been the case.

Joe had his own ideas of warfare, learned among the red-skins of the trapping-grounds, and no amount of drilling could change his ideas of what was right and judicious to do when the angry bullets were whistling overhead.

It was at the battles of Glasgow and Lexington, Missouri, that Joe was given his first taste of civilized warfare. At the first crack of a gun, Joe broke ranks and dove for cover with a celerity wonderful in one of his age.

As this was the first "fiery baptism" of war for the greatest portion of the company, Captain T. sternly ordered Joe back to the ranks, naturally fearful that one example would corrupt his entire force; but Joe felt better satisfied where he was, and with one of his peculiar grins, replied:

"Not much, old man! You sink me pig foot! Sharge, boys! run zem over—I keep you cover!"

The skirmish was hot and closely contested, but the boys in blue remained in possession of the ground. When the roll was called, Young Joe was missing, and as no body of his company had been killed or wounded, it was supposed that he had changed his base and fallen to the rear. Two days later, as the regiment was falling into rank, to take the road to Lexington, Joe made his appearance in his old place. Captain T. sternly asked where he had been. Grinning, Joe replied:

"You tell us, zat time, 'Boys, you fight and pray, hard!' Zey all forget but me, so, while zey fight, I go down in z hole onder zee house, and pray like z diable!"

At Lexington, Joe played a more manful part, and at the close of the first day, he was publicly complimented by his captain for setting so good an example to his younger comrades. But Joe was not content to let well alone. Wheeling around and calling attention to the men in the rear of his inexpressibles, he exploded:

"Yes, I fight—I get wounded, here. Zat Tom—ze sacre enfant de garce! he stick me behind and tell me, 'You fight now, old man, or I run-a you trough an' through ze seat of hon-a!' He keep on stick-a me, and I keep on fight all-a time, but ze bullets whistle in ze air make me awful sick at ze stomache—so sick I sink I going to die, begare!"

Among the few who escaped being captured at Lexington was Captain T., thanks to his good horse. He rode long and hard, and was finally forced to pause to breathe his charger. While slowly moving along, a strange-looking object in the top of a tall tree arrested his wandering gaze, and with wild visions of ruthless bushwhackers flashing through his mind, he urged his tired steed onward, followed by a wild yell that by no means tended to lessen his speed.

That supposed bushwhacker was none other than Whisky Joe, who, watching his opportunity, had stolen away from the spot where matters were growing too hot to be comfortable, and climbing a tree as the safest place to take a rest, was only aroused from sound repose by the precipitate flight of his captain.

The alarm was contagious, and hastily descending from his perch, Joe fled at full speed from the imaginary pursuers. With every stride, his panic increased. He dropped his musket, then his pistols and belt, which in turn were followed by his coat, and had the old fellow's wind not failed him, he might soon have enacted the rôle of a masculine Godiva, so far as the style of dress was concerned.

It was fortunate that Joe gave out just as he did, for within five minutes after he sunk breathless in a clump of bushes beside the road, three horsemen, dressed in gray, came in sight, the leader bearing a five-gallon keg upon the saddle before him.

They came to a halt, almost directly in front of the old man, glancing first to one side of the road and then to the other, as if in doubt which course to pursue. Only for a moment, then they struck into the woods, heading almost directly for the spot where Joe lay in fear and trembling, passing by his covert so closely that, had he tried, he could have touched the nearest horse as it strode by; so close that he heard the musical gurgle of the liquid contents of the keg.

The effect of that sound was utterly remarkable. The old man's fears were utterly forgotten. He only remembered that full three days had elapsed since a drop of liquor passed his lips; that the three Confederate soldiers ahead of him bore a keg which, almost beyond a doubt, contained some kind of spirituous liquor.

Cautiously Joe left his covert, and began trailing the soldiers by ear. He was acting purely by instinct. He had not considered what he should do. There was liquor before him, and that was sufficient for the time being.

The task of trailing was not a long one. In a few minutes Joe heard the soldiers stop and dismount, and his ear told him that they were hitching their back breathers. Beyond that they were preparing to have a regular debauch.

Inch by inch the old man advanced, not paused until he could, by peering from under a dense clump of bushes, watch every motion of the enemy. They were already seated around the keg, drinking good

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Philip S. Warne's New Story! BOWIE,

The Knight of Chivalry; OR, What a Woman Will Do.

Gambler, duelist and adventurer though James Bowie was he was a type of man rarely met even in the country of rare characters—the West and South. In local remembrance his memory is preserved in the stories of his terrible duels, and especially of that one wherein he and his antagonist—each armed with a long two-edged knife—were stripped and locked in a room, and from that

Death Grapple in the Dark

Bowie alone came forth alive, but fearfully wounded in all parts of his body. Which affair is one of the incidents of this romance. But he was neither ruffian nor blackguard; on the contrary, was possessed of a fine sense of honor; was honest, truthful and temperate; and that he was capable of love in its purest, noblest sense, this almost

TERRIBLY DRAMATIC STORY

gives ample evidence. It is a tale of New Orleans, depicting something of its fast and feverish life, two generations ago, when "gentlemen" gambled, and fought duels, and dissipated generally; but, though redolent of such facts, they but form the groundwork from which spring the

Love, Passion, Suffering and Heroism that render the work one of intrinsically interest and moral beauty.

To Commence in No. 467.

Sunshine Papers.

For You and for Me.

SAID a young mother, one night, while rocking her baby asleep, to a little slipper just put in bed, "Why are you calling me?" "I see wants my hands washed. Dey's all ticky!"

"You naughty boy!" said the lady, not very severely but reprovingly. "I cannot wash your hands until baby is asleep; so be quiet until then."

But presently she discovered that the little fellow was sobbing; and though she endeavored to hush him, and assured him that his hands should soon be wiped, he continued to give vent to his grief until his mother, surprised, for he was a remarkably good-humored, happy-tempered child, asked why he was crying. When, to her consternation, he sobbed out:

"Tos oo tany I see natty boy! Oo teep taying I see natty, natty boy!"

She soon was at liberty to wipe off the sticky little hands, and comfort and soothe to sleep their chubby owner. Then she meditated of the complaint registered against her by the small accuser, and critically recalling the past found that she had fallen into the habit of exclaiming at every trifling annoyance caused by her tiny son: "You naughty boy!" but, until now, had never dreamed that the child, so happy of disposition and scarcely three

years old, had heeded and fully comprehended her thoughtless words of censure. But he had, indeed, and his loving, tender little heart had been wounded again and again by his mother's irritable rebukes, until the burden had become too grievous to be longer borne.

Said she, relating the incident afterward: "It was a good lesson to me, to be thoughtful and just when I reproved my children, and to restrain irritable and nervous outbreaks at small annoyances; such little things and such careless words may wound loving hearts."

And does not the incident hold a lesson for us all—for parents, for children, for brothers and sisters, for husbands and wives? Do we never make careless, thoughtless speeches, utter irritable reproaches or complaints, that may sink with bitter pain into the hearts of our loved ones? Do we never feel "out of sorts" and speak crossly, and look severe, and receive the proffered caress with indifference?

And yet—that one unkind word may sadden some hours that should be the happiest of your child's life; that rude speech may rankle with pain in your mother's heart for years; that hateful reply may rise up in the memory of your brother's mind when he lies dying in a foreign land, and summoning to his memory recollections of home and kindred; that sarcasm may tinge many an unconfessed meditation of your husband's with gall; that indifferent caress and parting may blot all joy—for days—out of your wife's existence.

You call these little things? There are no little things—for as surely as the sea-shore is but the aggregated mass of individual grains of sand, and the boundless wastes of waters but myriad drops pulsing in unity, so is every word we utter—however thoughtless, however harsh, however unkind—one of the particles which round out our lives and the lives of others into a completed whole. And constant censure may result in divorcing your child's love from you; a few needless unkindnesses may destroy all the peace of your parent's life; rash speeches may lose one a brother's or a sister's affection and sympathy; sarcasm and indifference may alienate husbands and wives. The hearts of men and women are easily made sad, easily sown with jealousy and distrust, easily estranged. Then guard well against the careless speech, and the chilling manner. Let not sickness, weariness, nervousness, worry, a temptation to retaliation, betray you into unkind censure of your dear ones.

Some persons are much less sensitive than others, but often the most sensitive dispositions are scarcely known, so shrinkingly are they hidden under reserve or seeming calm indifference. We may not judge of the extent of the wound our careless or unjust speech may give. We may not even judge of how much bitterness it may cost us, if some strange meeting out of Providence should render it impossible to retract or forget it: if the "natty boy" has a little cough, a few hours of suffering, and then lies in a little waxen figure, unable to respond to wild embraces and passionate kisses; if father's gray hairs lie under the freshly-turned sod, or mother's dear, dim eyes have closed forever before we can recall that harsh word; if brother goes down "with the raging of the sea," and we have never taken back the cruel taunt; if husband never comes home to have the sarcasm recalled, while soft arms clasp his neck and soft tears drop upon his forehead; if wife should never live her dear eyes and glad face for a heartless care, and then lie in a little waxen figure, how long we shall have our darlings with us!

But, even if we retract, our thoughtless speech, can we undo the stab of pain given with the saying of it? Never! The pain was real—it was suffered—that suffering we are powerless to undo, however we may seek to right the wrong, and do better in the future. Then why speak crossly in our homes? We forget!

Ah, but do we forget when we have guests with us? If we can be thoughtful when we think we shall be hardly criticised by those who possess not the smallest share in our heart's affection, shall we not be thoughtful for love's sake alone? Let us try, dear readers—oh! let us try! For this lesson is for you and for me—for every mortal to learn:

"If I had known in the morning how heavily all the day the words I said would trouble my mind, that I said when you went away, I had been more careful, dating, and tone. Nor given you needless pain; But we vex our own with look and tone. We might never take back again."

"For though in the quiet evening you may give me the kiss of peace, Yet it will be the kiss that never me. The pain of the heart should cease! How many go to forth more of sorrow. Who never come back at night, And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken, That sorrow can ne'er set right."

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger, And smiles for the sometimes guest; But off for our own the bitter tone. Though we love our own the best. Ah! lips with the shade of impatience, Ah! brow with the shade of scorn, 'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late, To undo the work of the morn."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE FUTURE: WHAT WILL IT BE?

As we become intensely interested in a novel, our curiosity is excited to such an extent that we cannot wait for the termination, but turn to the end "to see how the story turns out;" and so it is with persons by whom we are surrounded; we want to look ahead and see what pains our friends will assume in this great drama of life, on this stage of multifarious changes. I was led to this thought by seeing a number of young people passing my window on their way to school. I wondered what stations of life they would be called upon to fill, and in what manner they would occupy the same.

There was Annie, so gentle and retiring; so intent were her thoughts upon study as not to notice whether the sky was sunny or sunless; quiet in her manners and demeanor. Will all this change as she grows older? Will she want to wander up and down the country, expatiating on words? Will she neglect her husband and children to champion the right of a Chinaman to become a citizen, or her own right to drive a tandem team? Or, will home be the dearest spot to her—husband and children be her dearest friends—and she be so truly womanly that friends will say she is but a little lower than the angels?

Then there was merry, happy-faced Horace—the little lad who always gives me a polite bow as he passes my window, and who, if he sees I am busy, will wait until I look up from my writing so I am not deprived of my bow. Will he always be so thoughtful? Will he be kind and gentle to his wife, studious not to give her trouble and unnecessary care? Will he think that work done for her is no task, but a pleasure? Or will he sit and see her bring in big armfuls of wood, heavy pails of water, or heaping baskets of dried clothing and not offer to help her? Will he growl if he cannot find

the boot-jack, snarl if the meals are not "on time," snap because the provision bill is too high or raise a general row because affairs are not just as he would like to have them? No, I don't think this will be like my young friend; I cannot believe it of Horace.

And Aggie! So full of life, animation and good, healthful spirits: I wonder who can paint her future? I'd like to have her always just as she is now, as good tempered, as helpful, as thoughtful and with just as contented a disposition as she is blessed with. Of course she will outgrow her youth—we all have to do that—but I don't want her to outgrow her many good traits. I can't bear to think she will sell her husband, or the ink that fine dress is to be the happiness and pleasure of life. Aggie, what shall it be? I am no prophet. I am puzzled and cannot see into your future, but I wish you all the good things of life, the many blessings, the love of some good and true man, for I know you deserve them all.

I have settled your fate, Ernest; you are to be a farmer and have the freshest of eggs, the sweetest of butter, the purest of milk and the dearest and best of wives; your home is to be surrounded with everything that is pleasant and peaceful, and your house will be the snugest, cosiest spot in creation, for, you know, when I get to be an old lady, in my spectacles, I'm coming to see you and the grand children. And, there's to be a pond full of lilies, with such a lovely boat, all close to the house, and there are to be no musketoes, or potato-bugs within one hundred miles! How I shall be disappointed if you are to overthrow all my plans, and some fine day, bid us goodbye and start to some far-away mining country, leaving "Ida"—will her name be Ida?—to cry her eyes out.

But was but a few years back I was planning a bright future for little Alice, but, so far as her earthly brightness was concerned, my prophecy was at fault, yet her future proved far brighter than I anticipated. She is with the angels now:

"She is singing by Life's river,
With a crown upon her head!
Then why should we be sorry
When they whisper—'She is dead!'"

May God spare all the little ones to us for many a year, to cheer and brighten our passage when we near the dark river and life fades fast from our view. Let us cherish them now as we hope to be cared for by them hereafter.

"If I see fit to take them,
Ere the years of life be run,
Let no murmur mar our sorrow—
Let us say: 'They will be done!'"

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

The Hotel Stove.

I TRAVEL over this country a great deal, and always stop at a hotel—unless I happen to have acquaintances in the town. I travel in a plain way, as I am a plain man, eschewing everything that is frivolous and vain, being of Quaker extraction and soberly sedate.

I sometimes sit in the hotel office close to the stove to warm my rheumatism, and though I must admit that the hotel stove in question, and also in cold weather, isn't always as comfortable as it deserves to be, yet my heart is pained when I hear unseemly jokes cracked upon it by guests who use their mouths a good deal when they talk. I think it is a great wrong and very unnecessary, and it should be squelched promptly. I am earnestly opposed to making fun of anything. I do not think it is right. Of the many miserable remarks about the poor, helpless hotel stove which I have been compelled to overhear, I reproduce a few from my memorandum-book, which I put down occasionally; the perpetrators in many cases were properly and promptly punished, and I was glad of it.

A terrible thing happened here this morning. A country fellow came in and sat down on that stove and began eating a ginger-cake. He evidently did not think it was a stove; but he fooled himself and sat there a little too long, and when he attempted to get up he found that he was froze fast to it. He was rescued with great difficulty. The general verdict was that it was a justifiable case, as it could not be helped.

"That stove has been deserted by its old flame. If the landlord would only light a lamp and put it inside of it, it would look more comfortable."

"Isn't that what you call a cold-air stove?" "I guess when farmers bring in three-quarters of a cord for a cord of wood the landlord generally buys the other quarter."

"That stove is all-fired cold."

"Give that stove a warm punch, porter, if you please."

"The landlord freezes you here by this stove, but he warns you up on that register on the counter though."

"That stove is no burning shame."

"Somebody left the door open and the fire went out."

"The landlord uses that stove as a refrigerator where he keeps his meat and milk."

"You are mistaken; he keeps that stove for a magazine, and merchants keep their powder stored in it. It is the safest place they could find."

"The very legs of that stove are shivering, it is so cold. Why don't the landlord put a warm brick to its feet?"

"What a terrible bad cold that stove has got. If it would give it a dose of liniment, that would warm it up a little."

"Porter, couldn't you scrape a little of the frost off the outside of that stove?"

"No apologies, sir. I would rather you would stand between me and that stove, as it keeps some of the cold away."

"It don't seem possible that the iron in that stove was ever hot enough to be in a melted state."

"If that stove had been made of wood it would be cheaper and do just as well. There is never any fire in it to hurt it."

"That stove would cure a fever in ten minutes."

"The landlord started to fix that fire up but the splinter he went out after he got in his finger, so he had to give it up."

"What a good deal of a good deal in this town; at least, a few sticks in that stove would be very valuable just now."

"That stove's as hot as a cold oven."

"The sentimental woodman must have obeyed injunctions and spared the tree that would have made a good fire in that stove."

"Landlord, if you would put that stove upon the top of the house and bring the chimney down in here it would be warmer."

"That stove seems to draw well enough, but it don't seem to be able to draw any wood."

"Open that stove door, if you please, and let a little heat go in, for mercy's sake."

"The landlord had that stove hot last week, but it wouldn't stay so."

"That green wood certainly must be very green to sing so while it is burning."

You have to put up with it, for every time you say the fire's down the landlord fires up."

"What's the use of them putting wood in that stove? they know that it only burns up. You should not ask them."

"Since I come to think of it I think that must have been the furnace which Shamrock Meshack and Abednego went through. I see how it could be done, now. That stove is heated seven times hotter than cold."

"What is that drum for on that stove? Oh, that's for drumming up a fire, but they haven't got any sticks to-day."

"That is about the kind of a fire I would like to die and go to, if I have to go."

"If the landlord would set that stove out of doors it would freeze up everything, and perhaps bring a heavy fall of snow."

"That stove is a jolly old smoker, notwithstanding it is out at the elbows."

"Two such stoves as that would freeze us to death."

"You can wrap up in your overcoats and furs and sit by that stove very comfortably."

"Porter, couldn't you amuse yourself with a little game of poker with that stove and fetch on your chips?"

"I wish they would take this stove out in the kitchen and warm it up a little."

"If you could make that stove roar a few I think it would create a furor."

"The landlord ought to be arrested for cruelty in starving that poor hungry stove so."

"The fire is snapping, you say? Yes, but it seems to me to be a very cold snap."

"What is that thermometer by that stove for? To tell how cold it is or how hot it isn't, I guess."

"What is the use for them to have a damper to that stove? The wood seems to be damp enough for all impracticable purposes, goodness knows."

"The landlord would fire up, but he says that is the way chimneys take fire. That's the kind of stove that doesn't consume any wood—if you don't put any in."

Really, the average hotel stove lacks something; it may be fuel, but I hate to shiver around it and hear such outrageous levity about it. It is not humorous by any means. It is too sad a thing.

Yours, coldly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

Russian ladies are often inveterate smokers of cigarettes, and, at railway stations and other points of transit, scratch their matches on walls or posts, like men. They frequently ask men for a light from their cigars, and are asked in return.

It is stated that in Iroquois county, Ill., 53,500,000 gallons of water are supplied daily by artesian wells for the irrigation of land. These wells do not, in any instance exceed 75 feet in depth; they are of small bore, and within a radius of 20 miles there are 200 of them.

Wolves in Nebraska are numerous and very annoying to settlers. In many of the northern and central counties the voracious creatures enter barn-yards. Driven by hunger they are very bold and fierce. Wolf-hunts are there an everyday occurrence; so we advise those of our readers eager for sport to go to Nebraska.

The recent extraordinary performance of Madame Anderson in Brooklyn—walking 2,700 quarter miles in 2,700 consecutive quarter hours—has added no little to the interest in all athletic sports. That interest is now invading the "better circles," or most respectable classes, and bids fair to become a means of introducing among women as well as among men exercise that must result in a development of physical vigor. Madame Anderson is a lady of excellent character, and will do much in her exhibitions throughout the country, to popularize sports among the better classes—a very good work to do.

Messier, the English sportsman, who has just returned from Dakota to Harrisburg, Pa., to spend the winter and spring, is a character that portrayed in a "dime novel" would be regarded as an exaggeration. He lives near Harrisburg, but gets his wealth from England. He is the proprietor of 12,000 acres of land and three small villages in the "old country." His income is princely. He has hunted everything from an elephant to a jack-rabbit. He was three years the chief of a band of Arabs in Arabia. His object was adventure and the knowledge of the people. He is by far the most accomplished gentleman who has ever traveled this way as a hunter. His rough life simply refines him. He is an artist in his line. We will refer to some of his sporting feats, in a future paper.

Anthony Trollope, writing of novel reading, says that a good novel should be both realistic and sensational in the highest degree. If a novel fails in either, he adds, "there is a failure in art. Let those readers who fancy they do not like sensational scenes, think of some of those pasted-up great novels which have charmed them most—of Rebecca in the castle with Ivanhoe; of the mad lady tearing the veil of the expectant bride in Jane Eyre; of Lady Castlewood, as in her indignation, she explains to the Duke of Hamilton Harry Esmond's right to be present at the marriage of his Grace with Beatrice. * * * Truth let there be—truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth I do not know that a novel can be too sensational."

Professor Siddons, said to be a grandson of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, has been giving his "Recollections" in a lecture in Washington. Among other things, he said that in 1858 he was tutor in elocution to the Prince of Wales, and relates that, at one of the lessons, the Prince put his feet on the table, and said, "Look at those boots—I made them myself." The professor was, of course, astonished, and thought his royal highness was "chaffing," but the Prince explained that his father, having in mind possible reverses, had insisted that each of his sons should learn a trade. Accordingly, the Prince himself was a very good shoemaker. Prince Alfred was learning to make his own clothes, and little Prince Arthur worked occasionally with saw and plane, and, as soon as he was strong enough, was to be taught cabinet-making.

It is true that in Washington society old ladies hold honored positions and influence. Of those frequently mentioned, Mrs. Bancroft—wife of the historian—is one of the most noted. She returns most of her calls in person, and it is a treat to listen to her ready flow of conversation, abounding in anecdotes or sketches of the distinguished people she has known at home and in Europe. She says she considers the best class (meaning best in respect to culture and breeding) in our own country fully the equal of the same class in any country, and superior in some respects. When told, the other day, that General Sherman had said that, although he had seen all the royal women of Europe, he had never seen any superior to Mrs. Hayes, she cordially indorsed his opinion, and added that she considered Mrs. Hayes's manners as nearly perfect as possible, the more so that they are so evidently prompted by the goodness of her heart. The habit in American homes and society of relegating elderly ladies to retirement is equally impertinent and outrageous; and this example set by Washington society is worthy of all imitation.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Life;" "An Honest Name;" "The Night That Was Day;" "Abiding;" "A New Idea;" "A Christmas Eve Debut;" "Coffee or Tea;" "The Debtor's Last Friend;" "Stars on the Stage;" "Mrs. Mason's Uncle;" "Abijah;" "The Ice Carnival Queen;" "A Last Initiation;" "The General's Retreat."

Declined: "Old Smuggler's Will;" "All For Gold;" "Gold-Hunting in Siberia;" "The Derry-down;" "Chickadee Baby;" "Sister Mary's Sad Mistake;" "Be Sure of Number Two;" "Wine in the Field;" "Let Eyes Be the Lamps;" "Prince Charlie;" "The Brownie's Lay;" "Sweet and Low;" "The Rule of Two;" "Say Me But 'Yes!'" "The Gift I Bring."

R. O. M. We have no receipt for white ink. KNUIT CRACKER. We do not want the matter mentioned.

J. E. Indeed we will not "please make correct copy of the serial." We are not engaged in that kind of charity work at present.

L. R. D. "The Derry-down" is declined. Delay in reporting is owing to the great surplus of matter offered. All of our authors must be patient.

A. C. S. We know of no really effective pistol. The only air-gun practically used is one that will kill a cat at about two hundred feet. We know of no other.

J. M. P. MS. unavailable because it was very crude as a composition, and incorrect in grammar and punctuation. Two years' study will be none too much before you essay to write for others to read.

Mrs. L. M. The names submitted are all very pretty. Twins should be given names euphonically alike, so we suggest, Dora and Nora; or Cora and Dora; or Tina and Luna. If not desired to be thus alike, then Inez and Irma.

Otto. Temperature in Colorado is dependent on height of location. Winters, even in the "plains," are very severe, and summers are not uniformly so. Ranges must be adjacent to streams, for in summer all grass dies down on the plains and foothills. Write for special information to L. Meeker, Greeley City, Colorado.

JARED KING. Dabcoth (Dakota) lies west of Minnesota. All the lands in the counties bordering on Minnesota have been mapped and registered, so are for sale or subject to preemption and location. The best wheat country in the world is said to be in that region. Gigantic farnus are being rapidly opened there.

H. K. M. Many a boy at seventeen does a full man's work. If your "country seat" relative will let you in "on halves" it is certainly a good arrangement. What you understand as to your best and prove that you are a man. No disaster can come of the partnership if the arrangements on both sides are well understood on both sides. In all such, we believe, it is customary to supply a reason for furnishing half the seed. You do all the work in consideration of the convenience provided.

ISAACS NO. 2. The Jews are not an ancient race, but, on the contrary, a modern people, said to be descendants of Abraham. Abraham was an Assyrian of Mesopotamia. The ancient races are—Chinese, Persians, Assyrians, and Egyptians are supposed to have descended from a common stock, starting in Central Asia. The Greeks, like the Jews, are comparatively a modern race, while the Romans and all the peoples of Europe are of quite recent origin, in a race sense.

JENNIE GEARY. Do not listen to the young man, but refuse all further association with him. Young men of wealth and station are not apt to marry poor and uneducated girls, and the facts that he does not care to visit you at your home, and that he has never offered to introduce you to any of his friends prove that he is ashamed to be known as your lover, and that there is no truth in his assurance that he will make you his wife some day. Your pretty face will not atone for your lack of education and ignorance of the requirements of society in his world, while it supplies a reason for his private attentions to you. Dismiss him, summarily, and never allow him to address you further unless in the presence and with the consent of your parents and his.

AMY AMIE. The idea of washing the leaves of your house plants, by hand, is absurd, even if some amateur cultivator told you to do it. To rub or even press a leaf is to rob it of pore tubes by which it breathes. Nature shows her plants, liberally and freely, in all stages of their growth. She does not leave washing to man. Your plant-stands should be watered with a fine spray of water, and on oilcloth and then shower the plants with water. Keep the earth moist in the pots, but not soaked with water; that is too much of a good thing. Plants can be drowned as well as starved by too much water, and even professional gardeners, like doctors, rather like to magnify the difficulty of their profession, since they think it adds to their professional importance. In house plant culture simply try to imitate the influences of summer out-of-door growth. That is all.

IRMA. The theatrical profession is greatly overstocked, but what a profession! If you have taste and talent for dramatic expression cultivate it, by all means. If you accept the gentleman's carriage and escort to the ball he is entitled to your special attentions, but he would be charitable not to introduce you to such gentlemen as you expressed a wish to have for partners. To ask a lady to go with you in his coach is hardly a compliment unless he first suggests it. As to your straitened circumstances, many a lady is in a similarly embarrassing position, and yet she manages to obtain no means to dress or ornament. Gentlemen by no means most admire women who wear the best clothes. Let your attractions be your own—not the dressmaker's or jeweler's. If you have a pocket money by the little services and attentions you can render, it is commendable in you to be independent enough to assist yourself.

DELLA SAYS: "A gentleman pays me a great deal of attention, and I like him very much. I know; but I don't want to marry him or any one else yet awhile; and I would like to know what to say to him when he proposes to me. I am sure he will do so, though I try not to give him any chance. I can't say I don't love him, for I do, a little. Also, please tell me, if you don't think the marriage ceremony is finished?" Tell the gentleman just what you have told us, that you like him about as well as you can, and that you like him "a little," but do not wish to marry yet. Probably you and he will succeed in arranging matters to your mutual satisfaction. He will, according to the highest authorities upon etiquette, be the proper thing for a bridegroom and bride to kiss at the close of the ceremony. That pretty little exchange of sentiment is reserved for their private delight, and is not indulged in for the amusement of the audience.

ECONOMY asks: "Is there any way of cleaning for lining a white cashmere cloak? How can I freshen black cashmere? How do you pronounce the word Goethe, and D'srael or Disraeli? Who was Meiphistopheles? Dissolve a cake of soap in hot as hot as can be used, and pass the breadth of silk through and through it, gently, rubbing spots until they disappear. Rub in lukewarm water, and stretch upon a mattress or carpet, upon sheets, to dry; fastening securely and smoothly with pins. Squeeze the cashmere with borax water—one teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water. Press, while damp, upon wrong side.—Pronounce Goethe as if written Ger-tah—the e like e in her, and the u like u in but, only more obscure. The almost silent emphasis is upon the first syllable—the second is very short. Disraeli is pronounced Diz-rah-lee—long as in may, and emphasis upon the second syllable.—Meiphistopheles, according to dictionary, is the second of the seven chief devils—the most powerful after Satan.

FRED DUNCAN. It is the height of ill-breeding for any person, lady or gentleman, to receive an invitation of any kind and neither accept nor acknowledge it. Invitations to dinners, breakfasts, balls, soirees, parties, receptions, etc., should be answered within a day or two of receipt, or, if declining the invitation "with pleasure," or

fashion's votaries seldom penetrated. They chose it for this very reason. It was impossible to go into society so soon after Mr. Benson's death, and neither of them wished it. Therefore a place had been sought where they were sure of seclusion and abundant time to rally from the grief into which Sibyl had been plunged by her bereavement.

They had been there but two weeks, and, singularly enough, Sibyl was the first to sigh for home. She did not find her married life wholly satisfactory. Other things troubled her besides her sorrow for the dead. She could not banish from her mind the singular scene that had transpired just before the marriage vows were pronounced; and whenever it rose up, she was made miserable. Of late she had got the idea in her head that she should be happier at Greenmont. Therefore she wished to return.

She was sitting in her room at the hotel, one day, ruminating of things that it would have been better not to have recalled. Her cheeks were an unusual flush, her movements were restless. Ross stood at his desk quite at the other end of the apartment, turning over some papers. She addressed him abruptly.

"How long are we to remain at this lonesome place?"

"Until you are tired of it, my dear—no longer. I consulted your happiness alone in making a selection," he answered, without looking up.

Sibyl lifted her shoulders petulantly. "In that case I shall order our trunks packed immediately. I am wearied to death of staying here."

Ross turned round rather listlessly. He had changed, ever since their marriage. He seemed graver, and more silent, like one weighed down by remorse or a crushing secret. Sibyl obeyed her own will and went to her room, and her heart gave a rebellious bound. Was it regret for another that caused his evident unhappiness?

Rising impulsively she crossed the room and stood beside him. He started, looked up in the face of Ross. Hastily catching up a paper that lay on the open desk, he thrust it into one of the receptacles, and turned the key in the lock. His whole manner betrayed that he had something to conceal from her.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded.

"Oh, I am done working for to-day," he answered, forcing a laugh. "I have been looking over my letters—seeing which must be answered, and which can be put off a little longer. You know I have to write to my mother and my sister; and of course my correspondence is suffering."

Sibyl knew that this was only an excuse. Very few of his letters had been forwarded, and those during the last two or three days only. She stood silent, biting her lips.

"You wish a change, do you?" Ross resumed, after a pause, going back to the subject at first under discussion.

"Yes."

"And have made up your mind where you would like to go?"

"Yes," she answered again, without looking at him.

"Where?"

"Back to Greenmont."

Ross uttered an ejaculation of surprise. "You are not in earnest, Sibyl? I thought you would rather go anywhere else than to Greenmont."

"It is a mistake."

"It is like home to me," she interrupted, smothering a sob. "I love it all the more because papa died and was buried there. I feel as if something were drawing me back, all the while."

"Then we will return to-morrow. I have no other wish than to make you happy."

A faint sigh broke from his lips, however. He would much rather not have returned, just then, had he yielded to his own inclinations. He would have preferred to stoke off all the old scenes and associations for a season, and seek forgetfulness in fresher fields.

Shortly afterward he left the room to give his orders for the morning. The instant the door closed, Sibyl fixed her eyes on the desk again. There was fever in their depths—they seemed drawn to that one particular spot as though a magnet had been there.

"I wonder what he was hiding from me," she murmured.

After walking restlessly up and down the floor several times, she approached the desk. A small bunch of keys—her own—lay in her hot palm. She was struggling, not very valiantly, with the powerful temptation that had beset her all at once.

"One of these keys may fit the lock," she thought. "I must know what was in that paper."

There was no idle curiosity. The fierce jealousy that was her natural disposition had risen in arms. She could no more resist it than a tornado. The mere suspicion that the paper might have reference to the woman who had been her husband's first love, drove her to the verge of madness.

The keys were tried, one after another, and presently the bolt shot back with a clicking sound. Pale as death, Sibyl clutched the crumpled paper she had seen Ross thrust into one of the drawers, and held it up to the light.

A dainty note, smelling of violets, and written in a running Italian hand. She read it from beginning to end, her heart beating furiously. It bore a date several weeks back. A sweet, tender, touching letter it was, such as only a refined and loving woman could have written. And the name at the bottom of the page was "Lenore."

Not much of a discovery—and some women would have passed it by. In her insane jealousy, Sibyl could not do this. Though the letter was penned before she and Ross had ever met, the fact that her husband had preserved it was positive proof to her mind that the old tender illusions had never been entirely given up.

"God help me!" she ejaculated.

Just at this instant a hand tightly grasped her arm. It was Ross. He had returned, entering the room unheard in her absorption. Now he stood beside her, his face pale with surprise, grief and disapproval.

"Oh, Sibyl! I am shocked. Have you so far forgotten honor and propriety as to break into my private desk?"

The rebuke passed her harmlessly by—she did not even hear it. After the first startled cry escaped her lips, she confronted him almost defiantly.

"How dared you marry me when your whole heart was given to another?"

Ross glanced from her working face to the open letter in her hand, and understood the situation at once. But the extent of her knowledge was still to be revealed to him.

"Pray be calm, Sibyl," he entreated.

"Calm? How can I be calm, feeling, as I do, that you never loved me?"

"Hush! If you will only be patient, I can explain that letter in a very few words. Until I came upon it accidentally to-day, I fully believed it had been destroyed."

"No doubt," she ejaculated, bitterly.

"You can say that," he said, "it was written before you and I had ever met."

A faint moan of pain broke from her lips.

"I have heard of this Lenore before! I know that you loved her once—that she loves you still."

"You know this?" he ejaculated, in a tone of incredulity.

"Yes, I have seen, and spoken with her."

"Then where?" he gasped.

Sibyl drew a deep breath of relief. The secret had been coming into her heart so long that she found real satisfaction in unburdening herself.

"It was the evening of our marriage," she answered. "Lenore came to Greenmont—I saw her there. She told me everything."

In his surprise and consternation Ross could not utter a word for several minutes. Lenore at Greenmont, and he ignorant of the fact until now! He broke out in a cold perspiration at the thought. Why had she followed him there?

"Tell me what the unhappy girl said, and why she sought an interview with you?" he urged, when he had recovered some degree of composure.

"She wished to stop our marriage, Ross."

"Well?"

"She said it would bring me shame and ruin; that she was your wife, and I could never legally hold such a relation to you."

His lips were blanching. He leaned against the wall as if his strength were going away.

"Did you believe it?" she scornfully echoed. "I should not be here if I had!"

"No, of course you would not."

There was a silence. "Tell me all that occurred," Ross said at length. "I had hoped to keep that miserable infatuation a secret for some time longer—perhaps altogether. It was because I wished to spare you needless pain. But now it is necessary to discuss it."

She leaned her head against his shoulder, bursting into a flood of tears distressing to witness. "I ought to have told you at the time—brought you face to face with that poor child. I should have done so, too, had it not been for her death."

Very briefly she related what had passed that eventful evening, and how, at the close of the interview, Lenore had been borne away, by Berenice's directions, in a deep swoon.

"Only give me the assurance that you love her no longer, that your affections have been wholly transferred to me, and I will be content," she murmured, the tears falling fast down her beautiful face.

"I have made you my wife, Sibyl—that should suffice."

"Is your life bound up in me as mine is in you?"

He put his arm round her—drew her close to his throbbing heart. "It is thus that I answer you," he said, kissing lips and brow with all a lover's rapture.

She lay in his arms, passive and happy. The storm of doubt and jealous frenzy had passed for a season.

"I ought to have been perfectly frank with you before our marriage," whispered Ross. "I see my mistake now that it is too late. I did feel that you had a right to know all; but alas, I struggled against the conviction. Can you forgive me?"

"Freely," she answered, in the joy of her heart.

Ross felt less at ease. Some things had been said and done that puzzled him. He could not understand how Lenore had been made to disappear so suddenly. He wondered, too, why she had come to Greenmont, and again.

"She must know that I have discovered her perfidy," he thought. "It was a cruel, wicked deception. She led me on to give her my hand, though her wily vows were plighted to another. The wealth and position I could offer were greater temptations than she could withstand. She went through the mockery of marriage—running a terrible risk to accomplish her end. Now, I fear she will brave it out, persist her claims, and compel me to prove the fact of the first marriage in order to clear myself. That would be too horrible, and again the cold perspiration started on his forehead.

"Horrible for her, because she would become answerable for a crime—horrible for us all. And my father would never forgive the exposure and scandal that must ensue."

Poor fellow! How much greater would have been his distress had he known that Berenice had cruelly deceived him, and his second marriage, not that of his own choice, but of his father's, would have been put off for some time longer.

The dinner-hour, at that unfashionable resort, was an early one. Ross and Sibyl were just emerging from the dining-room at the conclusion of the meal, when the door opened, and two ladies came slowly down the hall, the one leaning heavily upon the arm of the other.

Ross looked, then looked again, his pulses throbbing as if with a new revelation. In his surprise and consternation a name fell from his pale and quivering lips: "Lenore!"

The forsaken wife—for it was she—lifted her eyes to his face in a wild, incredulous stare. She, too, lost her presence of mind, for tottering up to him she held out her clasped hands, ejaculating, in a dying voice:

"Ross! Oh, my husband!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

SNOW.

QUAKER THOUGHTS.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

Why fall so shyly, pretty snows—
So timidly to me, when I am so
Thou art the harbinger, these knows,
Of gladness, joy and mirth.

Thou covers up all hideous sights;
Thou teats with beautiful things,
Intensifying sweetest delights,
And pluming hope's bright wings.

Thou art more pure than any thought
Touched by the spirit's power;
Thou art so welcome, because fraught
With life's enchanted hour.

No wonder that sweet childhood greets
This semblance of its own;
For purity, and fills the streets
With many a shouting elf.

Thou art the keynote of the song
Of winter's song to-day,
Thou canst alone the strain so prolong
To chase our cares away.

Thee, a sweet lesson fain would teach,
Pure little snowflake white;
That thou dost blessings oft can reach
Man, through the tiniest mite.

The Lamb and the Wolf;

OR,

The Heiress of Llangorren Court.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "SPECTER MARCH," "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

OR ALL THE DOMESTICS TURNED AFRIT FROM Llangorren one alone interests us. Joseph Precece, to call him.

As Jack Wingate has made his mother aware, Joe has moved into the house formerly inhabited by Coracle Dick; so far, the changing places with the poacher, who now occupies the lodge which the old man erewhile lived as one of the retainers of the Wynn family.

Beyond this the exchange has not extended. Richard Dempsey, under the new regime at Llangorren, has been promoted to higher office than was ever held by Joseph Precece; who, on the other hand, has neither turned poacher, nor intends doing so. Instead, the versatile Joseph, as if to keep up his character for versatility, has taken to a new calling altogether—that of basket-making, with the construction of bird-cages and other kinds of wicker-work. Rather is it the resumption of an old business to which he had been brought, but abandoned long years ago on entering the service of Squire Wynn.

Having considerable still in this textile trade, he hopes in his old age to make it maintain him. Only in part, for, thanks to the generosity of his former master, and more still that of his late mistress, Joe has laid by a little *pecuniary*, nearly enough for his needs; so that, in truth, he is taken to the wicker-working less from necessity than for the sake of having something to do.

The old man of many *metis* has never led an idle life, and dislikes leading it.

It is not by any accident that he has drifted into the domicile late in the occupation of Dick Dempsey, though Dick had nothing to do with it. The poacher himself was but a week-to-week tenant, and of course cleared out soon as

obtaining his promotion. Then, the place being to let, at a low rent, the ex-Charon saw it would suit him; all the better because of a "withey bed" belonging to the same landlord, which was the same time. This last being at the mouth of the dingle in which the solitary dwelling stands—and promising a convenient supply of the raw material for his projected manufacture—he has taken a lease of it along with the house.

Under his predecessor the premises having fallen into dilapidation—almost ruin, the old boatman had a bargain of them, on condition of his doing the repairs. He has done them; made the roof water-tight; given the walls a coat of plaster and whitewash; laid a new floor—in short, rendered the house habitable, and fairly comfortable.

Among other improvements he has partitioned off a second sleeping apartment, and not only plastered but papered it. More still, neatly and tastefully furnished it; the new room consisting of an iron bedstead, painted emerald green, with brass knobs; a new washstand, and dressing-table with mahogany framed glass on top, three cane chairs, a towel horse, and other effects.

For himself? No; he has a bedroom besides. And this, by the style of the planishing, is evidently intended for one of the fair sex. Indeed, one has already taken possession of it, as evinced by some female apparel, suspended upon pegs against the wall; a pincushion, with a brooch in it, on the dressing-table; bracelets and a necklace besides, with two or three scent-bottles, and several other toilet trifles scattered about in front of the framed glass. They cannot be the belongings of Old Joe's wife, nor yet his daughter; for among the many parts he has played in life, that of Benedict has not been. A bachelor he is, and a bachelor he intends staying to the end of the chapter.

Who, then, is the owner of the brooch, bracelets, and other bijouterie he has been seen to slip of a girl who was under-housemaid at Llangorren; like himself, set at large, and now transformed into a full-fledged housekeeper—at the Court—Clarisse. And now, again, he observes the same bearing, as she moves about through that cheery place, in the light of glowing coals—best from the Forest of Dean.

And he thinks of it while seated at the supper-table: she at his head, *vis-à-vis* to her uncle, and distributing the viands. These are no damper to his admiration of her, since the dishes she has prepared are of the daintiest. He has not been accustomed to eat such a meal, for his mother could not cook it; while, as already said, Amy is something of an *artiste de cuisine*. An excellent wife she would make, all things considered; and possibly, at a later period, Jack Wingate might catch himself so reflecting. But now; not to-night. Such a thought is not in his mind; could not be, with that sadder thought still overshadowing.

The conversation at the table is mostly between the uncle and himself, the niece only now and then putting in a word, and the subjects are still of a general character, in the main relating to boats and their management.

It continues so till the supper things have been cleared off and in their place appear a decanter of spirits, a basin of lump sugar, and a jug of hot water, with a couple of tumblers containing spoons. Amy knows her uncle's weakness—which is a whisky-toddy before going to bed; for it is the "barley breeze" that sparkles in the decanter; and also aware that to-night he will indulge in more than one, she sets the kettle on its trivet against the bars of the grate.

As the hour has now waxed late, and the host is evidently longing for a more confidential chat with his guest, she asks if there is anything more likely to be wanted.

Answered in the negative, she bids both "Good-night," withdraws to the little chamber so prettily decorated for her, and goes to her bed.

But not immediately to fall asleep. Instead she lies awake thinking of Jack Wingate, whose voice, like a distant murmur, she can now and then hear. The French *femme de chambre* would have had her chuckle at the keyhole, to catch what he might say. Not so the young English girl, brought up in a very different school; and if she lies awake, it is from no prying curiosity, but kept so by a nobler sentiment.

On the instant of her withdrawal, old Joe, who has been some time showing in a fidget for it, hitches his chair closer to the table, desiring his guest to do the same; and the whisky-mistress, being already prepared, they also bring their glasses together.

"Yer good health, Jack."

"Same to yerself, Joe."

After this exchange the ex-Charon, no longer constrained by the presence of a third party, launches out into a dialogue altogether different from that hitherto held between them—the subject being the late tenant of the house in which they are hobnobbing.

"Queer sort o' chap, that Coracle Dick! ain't he, Jack?"

"Course he be. But why do ye ask? You knowed him afore, well enough."

"Not so well 'n'ow. He never comed about the Court, 'ceptin' once when fetched there—what a change! He now head-keeper o' the estate."

"Ye say ye know him better than ye did! Ha! ye larned anythin' 'bout him o' late!"

"Can't ha'e it; an' a goodish deal too. More'n one thing as seems keweenous."

"If ye don't object tellin' me, I'd like to hear what they be."

"Well, one be, that Dick Dempsey ha' been in the practice of somethin' besides poachin'."

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off."

"Passin' what off?"

"Them," rejoins Joe, drawing a little canvas bag out of his pocket, and spilling its contents upon the table—over a score of coins to all appearance half-crown pieces.

"Counterfeits—every one o' 'em," he adds, as the other sits staring at them in surprise.

"In the corner o' an old cubbord. Furbishin' up the place, I comed there besides. A goodish grist o' other keweenosities. What would ye think o' my predecessor here bein' a burglar as well as smasher?"

"I wouldn't think that noways strange, neither. As I've sayed already, I believe Dick Dempsey to be a man who'd not mind takin' his hand at any mortal thing, howsoever bad. Burglary, or even worse, if it wor made worth his while. But what led ye to think he ha' been also in the housebreakin' line?"

"These," answers the old boatman, producing another and larger bag, the more ponderous contents of which he spills out on the floor, not the table, as he does so, exclaiming, "There be a lot o' oddities! A complete set o' burglar's tools—far as I can understand them."

And so are they, jemmies, cold chisels, skeleton keys—in short, every implement of the cracksmann's calling.

"And ye found them in the cubbord, too?"

"No, not there, nor yet inside, but on the premises. The big bag, w'et its contents, wor crammed up into a hole in the rocks—the cliff at the back o' the house."

"Old, all o' it! An' the oldest his leavin' such things behind—to tell the tale o' his guilty doin's; I suppose hein' full o' his new fortunes, he's forgot all about them."

"But ye hain't waited for me to gie the whole o' the cat'logue. There be somethin' more to come."

"What more?" asks the young waterman, surprisedly, and with renewed interest.

"A t'ing as seems keweenous than all the rest. I can draw conclusions from the counterfeits, an' the house-breakin' implements; but the other beats me dead down, an' I don't

other, too, has spent all his days on Vaga's banks; but there have been more of them, and he no longer resident in that particular neighborhood. It is too early to enter upon subjects of a more serious nature, though a word now and then slips in about the late occurrence at Llangorren, still wrapped in mystery. If they bring shadows over the brow of the old boatman, these pass off, as he surveys the table which his niece has tastefully decorated with fruits and late autumn flowers. It reminds him of many a pleasant Christmas night in the grand servants' hall at the Court, under holly and mistletoe, besides bowls of steaming punch and dishes of blazing snagsnapron.

His guest knows something of that same hall; but cannot recall its memories. Better likes the bright room he is now seated in. Within the radiant circle of its fire, and the other pleasant surroundings, he is for the time cheerful—almost himself again. His mother told him it was not good to be forever grieving—not righteously, but simply, and as he watches the graceful creature moving about, actively engaged—and all on his account—he begins to think there may be truth in what she said. At all events his grief is more bearable than it has been for long days past. Not that he is untrue to the memory of Mary Morgan. Far from now. His feelings are but natural, inevitable. With that fair presence fitting before his eyes, he would not be a man if it failed in some way to impress him.

But his feelings for Amy Preece do not go beyond the bounds of respectful admiration. Still it is an admiration that may become warmer, gathering strength as time goes on. It even does somewhat on this same night; for in truth the girl's beauty is a thing which cannot be glanced at without a wish to gaze upon it again. And she possesses something more than beauty—a gift not quite so rare but perhaps as much prized by Jack Wingate—modesty. He has noted her almost timid mien, ere now; for it is not the first time he has seen her in company—contrasted it with the bold advances made to him by her former fellow-servant at the Court—Clarisse. And now, again, he observes the same bearing, as she moves about through that cheery place, in the light of glowing coals—best from the Forest of Dean.

And he thinks of it while seated at the supper-table: she at his head, *vis-à-vis* to her uncle, and distributing the viands. These are no damper to his admiration of her, since the dishes she has prepared are of the daintiest. He has not been accustomed to eat such a meal, for his mother could not cook it; while, as already said, Amy is something of an *artiste de cuisine*. An excellent wife she would make, all things considered; and possibly, at a later period, Jack Wingate might catch himself so reflecting. But now; not to-night. Such a thought is not in his mind; could not be, with that sadder thought still overshadowing.

The conversation at the table is mostly between the uncle and himself, the niece only now and then putting in a word, and the subjects are still of a general character, in the main relating to boats and their management.

It continues so till the supper things have been cleared off and in their place appear a decanter of spirits, a basin of lump sugar, and a jug of hot water, with a couple of tumblers containing spoons. Amy knows her uncle's weakness—which is a whisky-toddy before going to bed; for it is the "barley breeze" that sparkles in the decanter; and also aware that to-night he will indulge in more than one, she sets the kettle on its trivet against the bars of the grate.

As the hour has now waxed late, and the host is evidently longing for a more confidential chat with his guest, she asks if there is anything more likely to be wanted.

Answered in the negative, she bids both "Good-night," withdraws to the little chamber so prettily decorated for her, and goes to her bed.

But not immediately to fall asleep. Instead she lies awake thinking of Jack Wingate, whose voice, like a distant murmur, she can now and then hear. The French *femme de chambre* would have had her chuckle at the keyhole, to catch what he might say. Not so the young English girl, brought up in a very different school; and if she lies awake, it is from no prying curiosity, but kept so by a nobler sentiment.

On the instant of her withdrawal, old Joe, who has been some time showing in a fidget for it, hitches his chair closer to the table, desiring his guest to do the same; and the whisky-mistress, being already prepared, they also bring their glasses together.

"Yer good health, Jack."

"Same to yerself, Joe."

After this exchange the ex-Charon, no longer constrained by the presence of a third party, launches out into a dialogue altogether different from that hitherto held between them—the subject being the late tenant of the house in which they are hobnobbing.

"Queer sort o' chap, that Coracle Dick! ain't he, Jack?"

"Course he be. But why do ye ask? You knowed him afore, well enough."

"Not so well 'n'ow. He never comed about the Court, 'ceptin' once when fetched there—what a change! He now head-keeper o' the estate."

"Ye say ye know him better than ye did! Ha! ye larned anythin' 'bout him o' late!"

"Can't ha'e it; an' a goodish deal too. More'n one thing as seems keweenous."

"If ye don't object tellin' me, I'd like to hear what they be."

"Well, one be, that Dick Dempsey ha' been in the practice of somethin' besides poachin'."

"Well, I won't say forger, for he mayn't 'a' made the things. But for sure he ha' been engaged in passin' them off."

"Passin' what off?"

"Them," rejoins Joe, drawing a little canvas bag out of his pocket, and spilling its contents upon the table—over a score of coins to all appearance half-crown pieces.

"Counterfeits—every one o' 'em," he adds, as the other sits staring at them in surprise.

"In the corner o' an old cubbord. Furbishin' up the place, I comed there besides. A goodish grist o' other keweenosities. What would ye think o' my predecessor here bein' a burglar as well as smasher?"

"I wouldn't think that noways strange, neither. As I've sayed already, I believe Dick Dempsey to be a man who'd not mind takin' his hand at any mortal thing, howsoever bad. Burglary, or even worse, if it wor made worth his while. But what led ye to think he ha' been also in the housebreakin' line?"

"These," answers the old boatman, producing another and larger bag, the more ponderous contents of which he spills out on the floor, not the table, as he does so, exclaiming, "There be a lot o' oddities! A complete set

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

My grandfathers clock stood in the hall,
Where it ticked the years away,
And lots of time did it consume;
'Twas long, and lank, and somewhat old,
But then it acted bad;
It ran quite fast when I had fun,
And slow when I was sad.

It counted all my youthful hours;
It told my mother, too,
When I was gone, how many hours
I had been overdue.
My "in a minute" by that clock
Was rather long-drawn-out;
It ended sometimes in dispute,
And I—I wasn't stout.

It told me when to go to bed
Entirely too soon,
And then it brought the breakfast hour
Too previous to noon.
It went against me all the time,
And somehow made me sore;
And sixty little minutes made
What they would call an hour.

It interfered so much with time
When I'd go out to play,
That once I read the happy hour—
And something was to pay.
Two dozen hours made a day,
When playing I would toil;
But when I worked that awful clock
Was much in need of oil.

It ticked my childhood's days away
Before they seemed half through;
It brought me many a happy hour—
And many a licking, too.
Its tick, tick, tick rings in my ear
Familiarly to-day;
And it insinuates that I
Will soon be growing gr-green.

I've seen the time when that old clock
Was stuffed too full of time,
But then it brought the hour for meals—
And then it was *entirely* fine!
(I think I never missed a meal
And one I never earned);
Those hands have told several hours
Which never have returned.

I watch that clock with other eyes
Than in the old time gone;
It tells me of the speed of time
And due-bills on my own.
Its tick, tick, tick is just the same
As what it used to be,
But then its meaning, I am sure,
Is different to me.

Tick on, old clock, the guide of Time,
Thy voice I love to hear!
And may it for a hundred years
Make music in my ear.
Deal out your time with careful hands;
The times are changed, you know;
Go lightly, smoothly on, old clock,
But—go a little slow!

Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFRICA," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

I.
A VILANOUS COMPACT—THE SAILOR'S PERIL—
—THE YACHTSMAN TO THE RESCUE.

In a low room of a sailor's haunt in the purlieus of a whaling city two men sat in close discussion. One was a sailor—you could be sure of that at a glance—and the other a gentleman, as far as fine clothing and the appearance of culture were concerned. Yet there was something in the lowering glance which he shot from under his heavily-arched eyebrows which was far from pleasant. He was a man somewhat past the middle age, who had evidently taken life easily, and proposed to do the same, if possible, during the remainder of his years.

His companion, the sailor, was a person whose face was not altogether bad, and yet who looked like one who might be tempted to do an evil deed, if by that he could advance his own interests. He had a look of cunning in his face now, and was in a mood to drive a hard bargain with the man before him.

"No more drink for me, Mr. Stanford," he said, pushing away the bottle. "It won't do for a man in liquor to try to drive a trade. I'm Yankee enough to know that."

"I thought you liked it," said the gentleman, looking at him for a moment with a scowling brow, but at last broke into a laugh.

"Let it go at that, Jack," he said. "I, for one, am glad that you are coming to your senses, for you know well that you would have been in command of a ship long ago but for that one falling. Now, to business; I am going to send a boy to see with you, this cruise—a boy who has been everything evil, and I want you to break his spirit or break his neck, I don't much care which."

"Go on; you mean something else besides that."

"Perhaps I do. Can't you see a point without it is put in shape to suit you?"

"Yes, I might understand, but I want you to state it in so many words. Would you be very much grieved if the boy never came back?"

The gentleman looked quickly over his shoulder as if to see if any one was watching, and then bent closer.

"Look here, Jack," he said; "on the day when you came back and said that this young cub, whom I have, is in a place from which he cannot return, I will pay you five thousand dollars and give you the command of the Flying Cloud. What do you say?"

"It is a bargain! I'll see to it that he never comes back."

They filled their glasses and drank a bumper to the success of their vile scheme; then the gentleman wrapped his cloak about him and hurried from the place.

"A bad lot, a bad lot!" muttered the sailor, as he filled his glass again. "Curse the old skinflint! He has been my bane all through life, and I suppose I must do his dirty work to the end of the chapter."

He sat there for an hour, drinking glass after glass of the fiery liquor, until his brain was all in a whirl, when he rose and staggered from the place, with a dim idea that he must make his way to the ship which lay in the harbor.

He worked his sinuous way along the streets until the cool air of the sea began to blow in his face, and he came out upon the wharf in full view of the shipping. A small dingy lay there; he entered her with difficulty and got out his oars, pushing away from the wharf and almost upsetting the boat in the attempt to recover his oar.

"Jack, Jack!" he cried, in a tone of supreme contempt. "Here you are, drunk and disorderly; allers drunk when you get a day's liberty ashore. You ought to be keelhauled, my lad; that's what's the matter. Whoopee! Get out of my way!"

It was bright moonlight, and he was crossing the bows of a swift-sailing yacht, which was standing out of the harbor for a moonlight run, going free, with a merry party on board, most of whom were thinking of anything except the sailor in the dingy. Only one person, a graceful, handsome boy who had just raised the peak and taken a turn to make fast, got his eye on the dingy for a moment.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "pull hard, you lubber—pull port, hard!"

"Lubber yourself, you young skip!" roared the sailor, resting on his oars directly under the bows of the yacht and leaning forward to shake

his fist at the erect figure on the quarter-deck forward.

"Starboard your helm, Dick!" shouted the boy. "Hard, boy, hard!"

The order was promptly obeyed, and the young fellow who gave the order leaped to the peak halyards designing to dip the peak. But the drunken sailor had resumed his oars, and pulled two hard strokes, and the sharp prow of the swift yacht struck the small boat, cutting her down in an instant, and they heard a horrible grating sound under the keel as the yacht passed over her.

"Throw her up into the wind, Dick!" shouted the young commander, as he bounded upon the rail, "and you, Ned, stand by to throw me a line!"

Joining his hands above his head he hurled himself headforemost into the water, rising not far from the struggling sailor, who made a desperate attempt to clutch him. But the boy quickly eluded his grasp, and caught him by the thick hair upon the back of his head.

"No you don't!" he cried. "On your back, quick! I'll save you."

The sailor, drunk as he was, seemed to understand that he must obey; he flung himself on his back just as a coil of rope, thrown by a practiced hand, fell across the arm of the brave boy, who caught it with his disengaged hand and

sung out to the men on the yacht to haul away. They obeyed promptly, and the two, the boy clinging to the hair of the sailor, were quickly dragged up to the side of the yacht. One of the yachtsmen, bending forward, caught the sailor by the shoulder, when the boy who had saved him released his hold and clambered over the rail. Then they laid hold of Jack Maxwell and dragged him aboard.

"All right, lads," said the boy. "How do you feel, old man?"

The sailor rose slowly, shook himself like a water-dog emerging from a bath, and growled: "You kid-glove sailors don't make no bones of running a man down, do ye?"

"They pick up the chips, howsoever, old boy," replied the man at the helm. "Dry up, you; if it hadn't bin fur the boy, whar would ye be? In Davy Jones's locker, I reckon."

"That's you, eh, Dick Frisbee? Mighty crank you be, since you took to pond-sailing. Didn't yer cussid craft cut me in two, say?"

"A man that was fool enough to stop and smash his fist under the keel of a swift-sailin' clipper orter be cut in two. But stow that,

eighty at the least and standing fully six feet high.

Ben was a quiet, silent fellow—in fact, a regular taciturn giant, attended strictly to his duties, and was extremely slow in forming friendships.

But the big mate and myself were by our duties thrown much in contact, for we shared the middle watch together, and of course it was in human nature that two men should pass hour after hour of the silent night together without indulging in conversation, particularly when one of the two men was an eager, inquisitive fellow like myself, with a passion for hearing strange stories; and I was fully satisfied, too, that the Big Mate was a walking Arabian Nights, full of strange tales.

At last my curiosity was gratified.

One night, as we were slowly forging upstream with a big load of cotton on board, for once in his life Ben became communicative. I had been relating some little adventures of my own on the upper river during the war, happening in and about the towns of Hard Times and Waterproof, when we Confeds used to lure the Yankee gunboat officers ashore, "hunting magnolias," as their pursuit of our fair and dashing Southern girls was commonly termed, and then bag them, body and boots.

"Women ar' wuss than Old Nick, sometimes," the mate earnestly remarked, when I had concluded my recital.

"Ah, you have some experience, then? Spin a yarn to while the tiresome hours away."

For a wonder the big fellow consented.

"Have you ever been in Mexico?" he asked.

I replied in the negative, for at that time I had never visited the land of Montezuma, although only a short time after this period of which I write, chance turned my wayward steps in that direction, and as one of the Foreign Legion I drew my sword in the service of the Austrian adventurer.

"Wal, bout ten years ago I follered the sea for a living, and it so happened that I got on board of a little trading craft that picked up a living along the Gulf of California and 't'other waters near by. I was captain of the craft and had an interest in the venture; we did considerable trade and a deal more smuggling, and that's whar the profit came in."

"Wal, one fine day we came to anchor off Guyamas—mebbe you know whar the town is?" I signified that I did, and the story proceeded.



"Johnny fainted dead away with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see."

mate; you ain't got the drink out of you, or you'd know the boy saved your life."

Jack Maxwell growled something in reply which was hardly audible; but at this moment a whale-boat, pulling four oars, came up rapidly.

"Hail that boat!" he growled. "It's my old man."

But it was not necessary. The men in the boat had seen the accident and its result, and Jack Maxwell had looked hard at the young fellow who had saved him, for it began to dawn upon his mind in a misty kind of way that he had something to be thankful for. But the yacht pulled away on her course, and the whale-boat pulled for the ship, Jack hardly hearing the gentle anathemas piled upon his head by his captain.

He went below at once, and did not come on deck until the day was breaking; then the captain was on deck, getting the ship ready to sail, for Jack was too valuable as a mate to quarrel with while yet in harbor. He was sober enough now, and set to work with a will.

"There's a boat coming off to us, Captain Stone," he announced.

"Yes," growled the captain; "I've got to be wet nuss to a young lubber who is going to sea for fun. I'll run him before the cruise is over. Rig a whip there!"

A shore-boat shot up to the side, in which sat two passengers—Mr. Stanford, the boy, and a girl from nineteen years of age, who, disdaining the use of the whip, caught a line and ran up the side with the agility of an old salt. He was followed more slowly by Mr. Stanford, who advanced to the side of the captain.

"This is my nephew, Walter Ferguson, Captain Stone," he said. "I leave him in your care, but I trust in my old friend Jack Maxwell to make a sailor of him."

The boy, a handsome young fellow, full of life and spirit, looked quickly at the mate, and broke into a short laugh, while a look of horror came into the face of the mate. For, in the lad he had promised to destroy, he recognized the youthful commander of the yacht who had saved his life in the harbor before!

(To be continued.)

The Greasers of Guyamas.

A Tale Told in the Middle Watch.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

RIGHT after the close of the war I found myself in New Orleans, sans occupation, sans money, sans almost anything, except influence, and once in a while in this brief life of ours influence is a very good thing to possess, and so it happened, thanks to my friends, that in a very short time I obtained a berth as clerk on the Sunflower Belle, a little river packet plying between New Orleans and the little ports down below.

The pay was not large, but it was a living, and I was quite satisfied.

Every man in this world has his story, the old saying says, and there was one man on board of the Sunflower Belle whom I was quite satisfied not only had one story but a dozen of them; this was our mate, Ben Dedakin, or Big Ben, as he was commonly called.

The mate well deserved this name, for he was a brawny fellow, weighing a hundred and

"As mean a hole as ever I got into!" the mate exclaimed, emphatically. "I was, as a rule, as big a set of skunks as I ever met with. You see I'm speaking of the town as it was in 'fifty-five; mebbe it's better now."

"Wal, we had on board the Donna Ana—that was the name of the little schooner—one of the brightest and smartest boys I ever laid eyes on. He was about seventeen, Johnny Clare by name, and he was as spry and as chipper as they make 'em. He had run away from home to seek his fortune, drifted 'way off to California, pretty near starved to death in the mines, and was near dead to get a berth on the Donna Ana. He soon became a pretty fair seaman, an', as he had a good education, he took charge of all the accounts. We had a great big Newfoundland dog on board the craft that I picked up in the streets of Frisco one day, and the liking that sprung up between the boy and the dog was really wonderful. Johnny never went anywhere without the dog, and the dog never went anywhere without Johnny."

"Wal, as I was a-tellin' you, we came to anchor one day off Guyamas. Johnny went ashore as usual, to attend to business, taking the dog along. We had stopped at Guyamas three or four times before, and the boys had a good deal of fun with Johnny in regard to a pretty witch of a Mexican girl, the daughter of the keeper of a drinking-shop. I didn't like the looks of the old man, and I used often to warn Johnny that he'd be likely to get his throat cut if he didn't quit foolin' round the Greaser girl. But, you can't talk sense to a boy, particularly when there's a woman in the case."

"We cast anchor at noon and Johnny expected to be back in a couple of hours, but he was very often detained, for these Greaser chaps are mighty slow fellows to do business with; and as the afternoon wore away, and Johnny didn't return, we were not at all alarmed, but when the twilight began to come on and no Johnny we began to feel a little uneasy. We knew that there was as vile a set of cutthroats in the town as you could scare up in all Mexico, and we began to think that, mebbe, the Greasers had got it into their heads that, as Johnny came on shore to attend to schooner's business, he had a lot of money about him, and I reckon there was many a man in that town at that time that would gladly cut a man's throat for a single golden ounce. Johnny had the dog with him, though, and we knew that if he was any good to do his share of the fighting, for he was big and powerful, and plucky enough to pull down a bull."

"Wal, I tell you, colonel, it was an anxious night to us schooner boys, for Johnny didn't put in an appearance, but the first thing, in the morning, the dog made his appearance on the shore and set up a howl."

"Tiger was a remarkable dog; he could almost talk, that dog could, and when he set up that howl, he said just as plain as a man could, 'Come quick, for thar's trouble.' I just seized my weapons, jumped into the boat, and the boys pulled me to the shore. The dog commenced to bark, jumped up on me, then ran off a little way and wagged his tail. I understood what he meant just as well as if he had talked it out. He said: 'Come on—come quick, for there's mischief afoot!' Yes, sir—e! the dog said that, just as cute as any human could have done. I told the men in the boat to wait for me, for I was armed to the teeth, and felt confident that with my revolvers I was a match for a full dozen of the greasers, to say nothing of the dog."

"Tiger led the way right straight through the town, trotting on ahead with his bushy tail wagging, and every once in a while turning his head around to see if I was following him."

"It was very early in the morning and there was hardly a soul stirring in the town."

"Tiger went right on through the town and then took a country road leading to the interior. We followed this road about five miles I suppose, and then we came to where a turbulent mountain stream was rushing down. It was in the spring, and the rains had swollen the 'branch' into quite a river."

"When we came to the stream the dog turned abruptly to the right, and took a sort of blind trail leading up the bank of the branch."

"It was a rough, uncertain pathway, and it was no easy job to follow it, but I stuck close to the dog's heels, much to his delight, and finally we came to a little sort of clearing, and upon the opposite bank was a small sort of cabin. The moment the dog caught sight of the cabin he set down on his haunches, and pointing his nose at the hut gave a low growl."

"I jumped at the deficiency in a moment. Johnny was in the cabin. Some of the Greasers had watched him come on shore, and knowing that he attended to the schooner's business had got the idea that he had money with him, and so had decoyed him to the lonely cabin; I felt sure that the boy was in there, but whether alive or dead I knew not."

"I forced the stream, and, just as cautious as a 'coon stealing into a hen-house, peeked into the house."

"Wal; there was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was awake and saw me; I made him a sign to keep quiet, and stole into the room and then histed him outen it, jest as quick as a whiskie. There was a gully jest right back of the house, and no sooner had I got across and climbed up the bank when the Greasers came tearing out; but jest at that very minute, I felt the earth tremble under my feet. I grabbed a tree and Johnny fainted dead away with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see—rocks and sand and boulders a-tearing along. The Greasers howled, brandished their weapons, and then took to their heels. I reckon they thought that I was some king of a foreign devil and had started the hull-billing. Wal, that leetle land-slide airtquake saved us, and we got safely back to the schooner, boy, dog and all."

With proper attention to the few hints we have suggested, nothing more need be considered necessary for stage appointments.

As regards the grouping of figures, a taste for light and shade will have to be studied. Too many brilliant colors are to be avoided. Should there be one figure in the picture on which the interest centers, and that a female figure, she should be dressed in white or black. The tallest figures should stand in the background, and there also the light-colored dresses should be placed. Two or three plain clothed figures show off the richly-trimmed ones.

The choice of subjects will depend a great deal upon what costumes are available, but it is surprising how effective different articles of wearing apparel may be made which in themselves were never intended for the work which they are made to do. Handsome table-covers or brocaded curtains make very effective trains and queens' robes, and shawls are invaluable for Turkish or Indian scenes.

An interesting picture, entitled "The Novice," may be produced in the following manner:—A tall gentleman, attired as a priest, stands at the center of the group with a prayer-book. At each side of the group are placed two boys dressed in red and white, holding tapers. At his feet kneels a beautiful young lady with long hair (if it is light hair, all the better), dressed in a flowing robe of pure white. A nun in black, with a red cross on her breast, is in the act of cutting the novice's hair, while a second nun stands ready to receive it; four or five kneeling nuns complete the picture. The music must be slow and solemn—that of a harmonium would be the best.

"Needle-Money and Pin Money" might form another very interesting picture. It can be given by separating the stage into two scenes by means of a dark screen placed lengthwise. "Pin Money" is a lady seated at her toilet, which is handsomely furnished with pin-cushion, toilet-stick, candles, etc. She should be attired in a very handsome dressing-gown of some brilliant color, and be occupied in counting the contents of a purse, while a dainty little maid, with pretty cap and apron, is in the act of dressing her hair. In the background an elegant leather dress should be gracefully hung across the back of a handsome chair. And if two pretty children, a boy and girl, could be persuaded to remain quiet enough to sit on the floor, engaged with a book or toy, it would increase the naturalness of the scene. The other side of the screen should be as great a contrast to the first as color and light could make it. A young girl of different complexion from the lady should be seated, very poorly dressed, by a commonplace table, in the act of threading her needle by the light of a candle which is but a red light. Her work is on her lap; her face should be very pale and weary, and all her surroundings those of great poverty. All the colors of this scene should be dark. This tableau, when well done, is extremely effective.

"The Flower of the Family" will give amusement to the juvenile members of the audience. When the curtain is drawn a barrel of flour is discovered on the stage. About one minute is allowed to elapse, when out of the barrel arises the prettiest little girl that can be found, dressed in white, with flowers in her hair. As soon as she rises the curtains are immediately drawn.

"The Game of Chess" is one of the most successful as regards the costume, is very pretty. A lady and gentleman, beautifully dressed in the costume of Louis XVI's time, are seated opposite each other playing chess. The expression of the gentleman's face is one of deep dejection, while the lady is discovered in the act of taking his queen.

There are many other scenes which are more or less effective, but which depend a great deal upon the number of performers and the costumes which are available.

As a rule, four or five figures can be grouped and dressed quite as effectively as twelve or fifteen. For when a great number of persons are on the stage, unless the costumes are taken, they are apt to look too crowded and jumbled up together. Any of our readers may try the tableaux described above, with a certainty of a fair measure of success.

Ripples.

It is possible for a man to know his own mind and yet know very little.

"Dying in poverty," says our cynic, "is nothing. It is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

The busy bumble-bee has gone into its hole for a spell, and the busy spelling-bee comes forth for another spell.

If one strives to treat others as he would be treated by them, he will not fail to come near the perfect life.

It is the liar who wants to knock you down for doubting his word. The honest man will stop to argue matters.

SAYS an exchange—"Even small boys carry arms in this town." Awful, ain't it? Even the little flowers carry pistols.

If "every man" is the architect of his own fortune, the most of them prefer to abandon architecture and go to sawing wood.

Some people act as though they had been inoculated with stupidity, while others act as though they had it in the natural way.

A CINCINNATI divine honestly explains: "I don't believe in horse-racing, but then I do so hate to have any one pass me on the road."

GENTLEMEN: "I say, waiter, I've just cracked off this egg. Look at it, I must say. Try the other."

"This business is being carried too far," shouts the end-man minstrel in his search around the stage; "here, some one's stolen my bones!"

The Keokuk young fellows will only court girls hereafter in houses run on the European plan. Some obdurate parent has been charging them for extra meals.

"PANTS for \$8!" said a seedy-looking man, reading the sign in the window of a clothing-store he was passing—"so do I. I never panted so for \$5 in all my life."

An American doctor has been giving the Spaniards kerosene baths to cure them of consumption, and some of the patients think they feel a good deal better than they did. They will make good lamp wicks in time.

SCENE in a Police Court: "Prisoner, how many barrels of potatoes did you say you stole?" "Seven, yer Honor; three yesterday and two to-day." "Well, but that's only five." "Och! sure, I'm goin' for the others whin I git out o' this!"

At an auction art sale the other day a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure, when a blue sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed: "My stars! if there ain't a vessel drifting onto the rocks with a strong breeze blowing off shore!" The artist took his work home to rearrange the wind.

INDIANAPOLIS schools will hereafter study the science and geometry of dress. It will be beautiful to hear these girls talking of the hy-pothenuse of a Princess's train or the acute angle of a tight-fitting boot. Geometry of dress! Gevivilkins! Blue Jeans, put on your right-angle triangled overcoat, and go down to Silk & Buttons', and get me a conic section of pale-blue ribbon. Git!

It is easier for the average small boy to tug up-hill with his sled for half an hour, with the hope of coasting down in just three minutes, and do this fourteen times in succession, than to drag his little sister on that self-same sled for two blocks.

The black and most tiresome work in the world is to do what you don't want to do. How heavy our feet are when the task is disagreeable, and how light they are when it's all fun!